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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You The Truth



£200,000 OFFER FOR LONDON AIR DEFENCE WITHDRAWN

LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E. has reluctantly decided to withdraw her offer of £200,000 for the AIR DEFENCE OF LONDON.

MORE than three months ago, she volunteered to give THIS GREAT SUM as a Christmas Present to her Country.

THIS unparalleled gift has not even been definitely refused. It has been ignored by a Government that is content to leave the Capital of the Empire DEFENCELESS against Air attack at a time when the whole of Europe is arming.

AIR ESTIMATES ! What good is £135,000 for the defence of the whole country ? LADY HOUSTON OFFERED TO GIVE £200,000 FOR THE DEFENCE OF LONDON ALONE, and that, she was told, would only just do it. It is an insult to the intelligence of EVERY ENGLISHMAN to allot such an utterly inadequate, paltry sum, which could do nothing.

BUT when one hears that the weary farce of Disarmament talks with the long suffering nations who are bored to tears with such Hypocrisy is still to continue—WHO CAN BE SURPRISED AT LADY HOUSTON'S OFFER TO PROVIDE FOR THE SAFETY OF LONDON BEING IGNORED ? For only by looking upon the scratch crew in this soi-disant Government as the ENEMIES which they are can this BETRAYAL be understood.

BUT WHAT IS QUITE UNINTELLIGIBLE AND PERFECTLY INCOMPREHENSIBLE IS THAT THE CITIZENS OF LONDON CAN QUIETLY SIT AT HOME AND MILDLY ACCEPT THIS HOPELESS INFERIORITY IN THE AIR AND THE GRAVE DANGER OF AN ENEMY AIR RAID WITHOUT A MURMUR.

DO none of them care for their own and their children's safety?

ARE THEY ALL DEAF, DUMB, BLIND AND PARALYTICS?

An Air Attack on London



This picture of what was once a street of happy homes should serve as a reminder to those who have forgotten the horrors of war from the air.

By Boyd Cable

WE have no need to theorise or speculate on what might happen in an air raid on London, because we know what has happened before and have the published reports and opinions of Russian, German, French, American and British experts on what was planned for air raiding with poison gas in the campaign of 1919, and what has been proved possible by experiments since.

In August, 1914, our people went off on their Bank Holiday without a thought of being involved in war; and hurried back to hear war declared. In another war we should have even less warning, and all military opinion favours the belief that air attacks would be made within twenty-four hours. We start, then, with the certainty that there will be no time to improvise any further form or strength of defence than exists on the outbreak of war. On that basis we can plainly imagine the results of an air raid on London with no more defences than now exist.

"Take Cover!"

We should fall back on the lessons of the war raids, and the public would be hurriedly warned to "take cover" on the warning being given, and to make for cellars and underground tubes. They

might also be told how to hang curtains and improvise hangings to keep out gas, as gas would certainly be used, just as it was planned by the Allies to use it extensively in bombing German towns if war had continued into 1919.

The attackers would come in successive "waves" of formations following each other at brief intervals, so allowing no respite from the destruction, no freedom to extinguish fires, or tend the wounded and gassed. As fast as one wave went another would be arriving over London, as the Germans learned to do in their last raids, as our bombers did over the Rhine through the last year of the War.

The Unquenchable Fire

However gallantly our tiny force of interceptor air fighters sacrificed themselves, whatever toll they took of the raiders, some of each formation would break through the gaps and loose their bombs.

First come the explosive and incendiary bombs. Each 200 pound one destroys a house of several storeys, each 1,000-pounder wrecks a whole block, scores of smaller ones smash walls and house-fronts, spilling them out across the streets, smashing countless windows and chimneys.

The incendiary bombs carry chemical mixtures that develop a heat of 3,000 degrees, eat through

steel, are only made more destructive and widespread in effect by water, AND CAN BE EXTINGUISHED BY NO KNOWN MEANS. One of two or three pounds weight will fire any house, and one bomber can carry hundreds. Raiders in the war totally destroyed 174 buildings, seriously damaged 607, caused 224 fires. Greater damage can now be inflicted in one day.

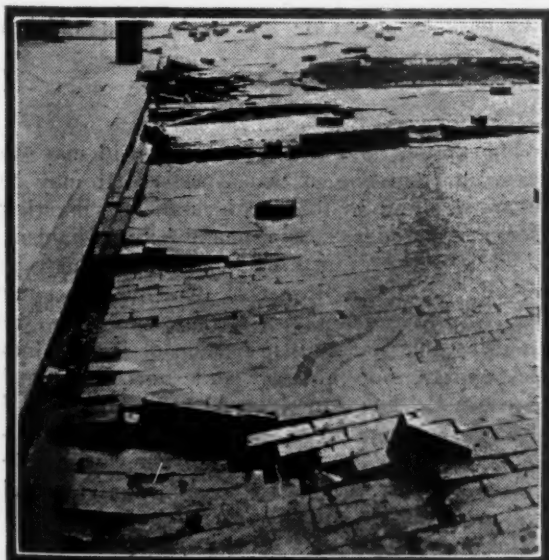
Some bombs are timed to burst on the roofs, some in the cellars after passing through successive floors. Raging furnaces of whole streets and blocks of houses spread rapidly, because the fire brigades, even with clear streets, could not cope to-day with two hundred serious fires scattered through London; and here we must imagine the streets in a chaos of smashed masonry, bomb craters, wrecked vehicles, all blocking the movements of the fire engines.

The attacking waves continue, the flames spread, thermite bombs set wood-block and asphalt streets blazing and the gas mains roaring up in sheets of flame, fuse electric cables.

Terrible Deaths

We can expect nothing short of panic on the part of a large number, and a wild stampede for tube and other shelters and for the open spaces out of reach of blazing streets and crashing masonry. The next formations of attackers sweep in over the chaos, but this time no further crashing explosions and blazing fires follow their track. There are merely a number of insignificant thuds, some streaming banners pouring out behind the machines high overhead and spreading to sink slowly in clouds of "Death Dew." These attackers are the gas bombers at work.

The poisons are of various types—those that kill at a touch or breath, swiftly as a bullet through the brain; others that blister and burn any skin they reach; others that destroy eyes, throat, lungs and



"Streets in chaos" would make exodus from London impossible during a raid. This was Chancery Lane.



Fifty killed, 200 injured—that was the harvest of one bomb which fell on Odhams printing works in 1918.

any organs reached through breathing; others that coat and cling to walls and ground for days, retaining all the virulent power of mustard gas.

The poison strikes down those in the open; it drifts in on those in the houses through broken windows and chimneys, is blown down by the ventilating fans into the tubes making wholesale lethality! chambers of them, is carried on feet and clothing into curtained cellars, vaporises and kills—slowly, agonisingly and surely.

We do not, and can not have gas-masks for all, and, even if we could have for any large number, try to imagine them being put properly on, or kept on, fear and pain-crazed children, women just as maddened by their and others' suffering, danger and death, and men impotent to help either.

Our Weak Defences

Streets choked with dead and dying and crowds fighting to flee the wrath . . . buildings and blocks in roaring bonfires . . . the explosions, the fires, the poisons spreading wider and wider—and with them the panic and pain and death. . .

I may be told this is "scaremongering" imagination. It is not; it is merely setting down what we know must result from a successful air attack on London.

We know, and have even been told in Parliament, that our air defences cannot keep out all raiders; so that, without an enormously greater strength of air defence than exists, or is even contemplated so far, London can be made to suffer all, and worse than all, I or any other can imagine. AND YET THE "NATIONAL" GOVERNMENT HESITATED WHETHER TO ACCEPT LADY HOUSTON'S MUNIFICENT OFFER TO PROVIDE FOR THE AIR DEFENCE OF LONDON!

Notes of the Week

The Writing in the Sky

Easter came opportunely enough for our wobble-wobble Government, because the holidays gave it an excuse for silence, at least for the time, on the subject that should be foremost in all our minds, namely, the security of England, in presence of the heavy increase in military, naval and particularly air expenditure provided for in the German Budget for 1934-35. The figures in the German Estimates for air show a sheer jump from seventy-eight million marks, for 1933-34, to 210 million marks, for the year now begun—a rise of upwards of SIX AND A HALF MILLIONS of our money at par.

These figures speak for themselves all too eloquently. In their light how vain and empty are the "conversations" still proceeding in Paris, Rome and London on the question of permitting or not permitting German rearmament. Germany has rearmed and continues to rearm herself. Whatever doubt existed before must disappear now. Even Mr. Baldwin, whose responsibility in this most vital matter is as heavy as it can be, can no longer take shelter in vague generalities.

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Bringing Sanity to the Roads

Parliament is provided with a bill of fare which will tax the strongest digestion after the Easter holidays. Nine citizens out of ten are more interested in the Road Traffic Bill and the Sweepstakes Bill than in the endless and apparently hopeless discussions of disarmament. Everybody has been amused or angered, according to their temperament, by the defiance of the police limit of twenty miles an hour, which is written on the gates of every Royal or public park. Indeed, it is an open scandal the rate at which motors race round Hyde Park, or dash down Constitution-hill.

Some of the most glaring defects in road traffic the new Bill proposes to remedy. For instance, pedestrians are, so far as is practicable, to be compelled, under penalty of a fine, to cross the streets at certain marked spots. Some people will, of course, denounce this measure for the protection of "jay walkers" as an intolerable invasion of personal liberty. But, then, they are the class of people who would have denounced the Ten Commandments as harassing legislation. Nobody but the English, with their love of paradox, would have thought of abolishing the speed limit, and allowing motorists to tear through crowded cities at the speed of an express train. The speed limit of thirty miles an hour which it is proposed to re-impose applies to areas which are "built-up," i.e., which are "lighted up" by public authorities.

Further, the absurdity of allowing people to drive a deadly machine like a motor-car or a lorry without any test of efficiency is to be abolished, and in future all new applicants for a driving licence will have to submit to a driving test. It is time that the danger of allowing people who are near-sighted to dash about to the danger of their neighbours should be stopped. Lastly, the possibility of certain insurance companies backing out of their contracts of compensation on the death of the insurer will cease, and the insurance companies will be answerable to the Executors. Surely these are all reasonable reforms to which the public is entitled. I never expected to see them introduced until a Bishop, or at least a Cabinet Minister, had been run over.

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Roosevelt Defied

The reign of lawlessness has begun in the United States, where the Senate, by a vote of sixty-three to twenty-seven, has over-ridden the President's veto of the Independent Offices Bill, which includes provision for the restoration of pay for Government employees, and the reinstatement of the pension rolls of a number of veterans, which had passed the House of Representatives by a majority of 310 votes to seventy-two. This event is almost as interesting to the tax-payers of England as to those of the United States, for it is obvious that if the President can be defied and over-ruled by his Congress on such questions as this, the whole of the much larger question of the American War Debt is thrown into confusion.

The President and his Government may be in favour of repealing or modifying the War Debt, but at the same time either the House of Representatives or the Senate may snap their fingers at the President. This is disquieting, although it encourages those who repudiate the whole debt, and wish to substitute for it indefinite Token Payment.

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Sweepstake Absurdities

The Betting and Public Lotteries Bill may be regarded from one of two aspects. It may be regarded either as the last kick of an expiring Dora, proposed by the remnant of Puritanism, which still lingers in this country. Or it may be regarded as a steel thrust of the Government at the Irish Free State. De Valera appears to be dragging that unfortunate portion of Ireland into the extreme of poverty and unconstitutional absurdity. The American Ambassador has had his credentials received, not by the Governor-General, who is the head of the State, but by De Valera himself, who is the head of a political faction.

From the fact that 200,000 calves are to be slaughtered every year to keep down the output of fat cattle and to keep up the price of the

graziers, I infer that the finances of the Irish Free State are rapidly nearing insolvency. This process will be hastened by the Betting and Lotteries Bill, which will deprive the Free State of millions of pounds a year, though in my opinion the Bill has no chance of passing the House of Commons, or, if it passes, the ingenuity of the Irish will be equal to any wholesale evasion of the law. That is a fate which it deserves, for of a truth it is the kind of legislation which could only be suitable to a girls' school. To try and prevent grown men and women from buying tickets in a racing sweep-stake is absurd. Tickets will be sold, even if they have to be dropped from aeroplanes, and the proposal to confiscate the prize money is sheer robbery, which will never be endured either by the English or Scots.

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Servants of Moscow

Over Easter the Independent Labour Party were airing their views at York, the City of the Cæsars, who should have turned in their tombs to think that two thousand years (perhaps a little less but it suffices) after they had imposed a great imperial civilisation, this ancient city, older than Rome herself by tradition, had to suffer the Maxtons and McGovern and others. The I.L.P. by a majority of 102 to 64 were agreed that the Party is ready to associate itself with Moscow in all efforts to further the "revolutionary struggle." They agreed to this although they have been snubbed and kicked by Moscow which insists on treating them as inferiors, and with a contemptuous indifference which even compelled the egregious Mr. McGovern to protest that "The I.L.P. could not go grovelling on their stomachs at the door of the British Labour Party or at the gates of Moscow."

All the same, it does grovel to Stalin at any rate. What it means in effect, as stated in an article in this paper last week, is that their policy is to overthrow the monarchy and religion. Then they hope to indulge in a policy of full-blooded murder and confiscation.

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A Policy of Gangsters

Mr. J. McGovern was good enough to issue an ultimatum to the capitalists and bourgeoisie in which he said that "if the ruling class will hand over to the people of this country, the land, the factories, and the workshops, we are prepared peacefully to accept that." And suppose they are stubborn enough to refuse? The Communist member for the Shettleston Division of Glasgow, admits that they might resist. The I.L.P. does not advocate, he went on, going out with guns and poison gas to overcome the ruling class, whom they are out to rob. They will work "for a mandate" and then if the "ruling class" give way no force will be necessary. This really means a threat to use force or to compel their opponents

to surrender by the threat of force which is the same thing.

But supposing the "ruling class" were to give Mr. McGovern and his friends a taste in advance of their own physic, and treat the threat of force with force? It would be unfortunate, but once and for all Mr. McGovern and his friends, whose policy is that of sheer gangsters, would be strung up on lamp-posts as a warning to other revolutionaries. Why is it that men like this McGovern, whose name is a mis-fit since he has demonstrated several times in the House of Commons that he cannot govern his own uncontrollable futilities, are allowed to utter such threats against the State? If he dared say but a tithe of such sedition in Russia, he would be "liquidated" within a few hours, or, in other words, his brains would be blown out. And who would question the justice of it?

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Enough!

Somehow it seems to us that we have had about enough of these sedition-mongers and it is high time the "ruling class" showed they had a pride and a stiff determination to treat the McGoverns and all the political bandits in the way they are asking for or made way for other men who will. It has been the fashion far too long to decry Britain, whose antiquity is of the most ancient days, and has again and again come to the relief of a sorrowing world. The conduct of our politicians to-day from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin down to the McGovern jat is only one of degree. They are all for the conciliation in various phases of abjectness of the nation's enemies.

On the one hand we see the palsied hand going up over India, then Kenya, then Malta, and always in the Irish Free State. The natural reaction from this sort of thing is Fascism. Sir Oswald Mosley, like him or not, is preaching eloquently a policy of strong nationalism and unless Mr. Baldwin realises very quickly that the best elements in the country prefer his room to his company, with a necessary reconstruction of Conservative principles, as Sir Henry Page Croft has called for, the natural effect will be enormous support of Fascism. It may mean the over-ruling of the House of Commons, but really to-day, with the subservience of its paid delegates, more and more thinking persons realise its utter impotence. So that is what the Baldwins and McGoverns are driving an increasing number of the public to contemplate. A Fascist candidate at a suitable by-election would open the eyes of the Grovellers.

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"Figures cannot lie!"

Doubtless by way of rebutting the statements of some of its former friends and other observers that starvation prevails throughout Red Russia, the official statistics of the Soviet declare that the grain

crop for 1933 was the largest in all Russian history, the amount, in round figures, being ninety million tons, or just ten millions more than in 1913, the best pre-War year, over the same extent of territory. One of the characteristic slogans, however, of the Soviet is that "statistics must be on the Class Front," that is, they must always be adjusted so as to support Bolshevik principles and policy. The Americans have a saying that expresses this sort of thing very neatly: 'Figures cannot lie, but liars will figure.'

Commenting on the Soviet statistics of the ninety-million crop, a Moscow correspondent points out that they were "biological," meaning thereby what the yield might or should have been, not at all what it turned out to be—which was probably about seventy-five millions! Biological—how much handier than terminological inexactitude!

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Not a Dictator!

Trojanovsky, the first Soviet Ambassador to the United States, has been playing up splendidly to the Americans by expressing his belief in democracy and by denying that Stalin is a Dictator. Indeed, he went so far as to say that Stalin was influential solely because of his intellectual ability and was really controlled by the Communist Party in Russia! No doubt the Soviet Ambassador is speaking according to the instructions he received from Litvinoff and Stalin, and it is possible that some Americans may believe him. But when it comes to "credits," which the Soviet seeks in the United States just as in England, Mr. Roosevelt, through his Ambassador in Moscow, says the Soviet must first pay off its debts to America, otherwise there's "nothing doing."

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French Security

Our inquiring Government is still trying to find out what France means by security, and the daily papers are giving us the usual twaddle about the elimination of points of difference and the discovery of points of agreement. What is really far more noteworthy is the announcement that the French Foreign Minister will visit Warsaw and Prague during the next two or three weeks, with the object, of course, of tightening the alliances of France with Poland and the Little Entente as essential factors in the problem of her security. Poland has her ten-years Peace Pact with Germany, but it is the case that she has not reduced her army since the Pact was signed. She looks first to her own security.

The truth is that the tension in Europe grows and grows. What in the world is the use, then, of Mr. Henderson holding a meeting on April 10 of the Bureau of the Disarmament Conference?—unless it is to justify his continuing to draw his

large salary? It is not disarmament, but armament, that to-day is in the minds of all who deal in realities and not in illusions. England awake! Face the facts—rearm!

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The Bells of Britain

It is rather distressing to learn that Big Ben, whose sounds we have all listened to with reverence and pleasure, even though it is the worst bell of its size in the world, has to be silenced for three months. Its shape is wrong, and experts say that a large piece is missing. This perhaps is due to the fact that it was made under the direction of the first Lord Grimthorpe, who was the head of the Parliamentary Bar, and knew no more about bell-casting than he did about watch and clock making, although he interested himself in the business of Messrs. Dent, the famous clock-makers.

Big Ben is to be laid by for repairs, and Big Tom takes his place. Neither of these two great bells, Ben or Tom, can produce, we are told, such exquisite sounds as those which come from Great Peter of York, or Great John of Beverley, or the bell of Bristol University. Not the least of the charms of Oxford is the filling of the air with peals of bells from Christ Church and Magdalen and other colleges.

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Dropping the Pilot

Quite frankly, we do not like the attitude of the M.C.C. towards Mr. Jardine in regard to the coming visit of the Australians and the Test Matches this summer. It is evident that if they can avoid doing so, without antagonising the public, they will shelve Jardine, because he is *persona non grata* with the Australian Cricket world. The reason they dislike him is because he called their bluff and saw through their unsporting conduct last year when they showed themselves bad losers. Cricket to-day has reached a position where the batsman stands in front of his wicket to try and get the ball away on the on side, and the only remedy for a bowler who wants to do his job and bowl his man is to bowl at him before the wicket. This is what the "Aussies" call "body-line bowling," and when a fast bowler like Larwood hits them they squeal.

The attitude of the M.C.C. looks like a policy of expediency influenced I fear by Lord Hailsham, the President, who is more concerned with conciliating Australia than with the upholding of Cricket which we taught the Antipodes. The fact of the matter is that the Australians, far away from the centre of the world, are extremely self-centred. It is highly likely the "Aussies" this summer will get a bit of barracking from the crowds who resent the climb-down of the M.C.C., especially if Jardine is not captaining the English side.

The Descent of Armageddon

By A.A.B.

GREAT parties are not kept together by "the gossamer web" of Socratic subtlety, nor are they to be bludgeoned into following the flag of a political corsair. The odd thing is that when the outside world could see that the Tory Party was heading for destruction in 1905, Taper Hood, better known as the Pink 'Un, and Tadpole Hughes, the helpless agent at the Central Office, assured their chiefs and the Carlton Club that the Radicals couldn't even form a Government!

Such boastful incompetence met the punishment it deserved. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman formed, in December 1905, the strongest Government, as regards individual capacity, of modern times, and, by the folly of the Unionist leaders and the accident of war, one of the longest lived. The new Prime Minister had been trained under Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, and for two years the gravity and decorum of public life were kept up.

With the Premiership of Mr. Asquith the reign of laxity began. Then was the era of Christian names all round. From the hour when a famous financier addressed Mr. Balfour as "Arthur" in a club, and Tory and Radical leaders played bridge together, "the game of lor and order was up." The phrase which Bismarck applied to Salisbury, "a lath painted to look like iron," was far more applicable to Mr. Asquith. He could not, or would not, control the slap-dash methods of Messrs. Churchill and Lloyd George.

Side by side with the financial mess of the 1909 Budget proceeded the bargaining with Mr. John Redmond over Home Rule and the House of Lords.

Shilly-Shallying

The eighty Irish Nationalists knew that as long as the House of Lords retained its constitutional powers no Home Rule Bill could pass. They also knew that their eighty votes could turn out the Government. Even when they had, by means which we shall never know until the King is dead, tied the hands of the House of Lords, the Government found that they had forgotten Ulster, and began shilly-shallying, not knowing, like Macbeth, whether to go back or forward.

General Seely, a Tory deserter, thought of the Army, but found the officers wouldn't march. Mr. Churchill, another Tory deserter, sent a wireless order to the Navy, which he almost immediately revoked. Never a word did anybody hear about the consequences to poor England and Scotland. On this wretched scene of personal squabbling and parochial politics descended Armageddon. Even then personal rivalry and indecision continued. Lord Morley, discussing Cabinets with the Clerk of the Privy Council in 1912, said: "One hears this or that criticised on public grounds, when one knows that it is merely the expression of A's dislike of B."

The only member of the Government who worked seriously at his job, and to whose brains and courage the country owed the landing of the Expeditionary Force, was Lord Haldane. Yet he was discarded on the formation of the first Coalition in May, 1915, owing to the jealousy of some of his colleagues, and the fear of the rabble who mobbed him and broke his windows. Revenge is a dish which is best eaten cold, and eight years later Lord Haldane was again on the Woolsack when Mr. Asquith was rejected by Paisley.

On the expulsion of the Lord Chancellor the Prime Minister surpassed himself in casualness. Being away from town, he sent a wireless message to the King submitting Lord Buckmaster's name for the Great Seal! Fancy Lord Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone sending a wireless message to Queen Victoria that somebody should be appointed Lord Chancellor!

Waiting for Trouble

From 1916 to 1922 Mr. Lloyd George was dictator. Though in the summer of 1918, the Prime Minister knew that the duration of the war was an affair of months, and though he was repeatedly warned by the Home Office, the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Labour that the demobilisation of five million men would require the most elaborate preparations and precautions, nothing whatever was done to meet the emergency.

It was only when threatening crowds began to march from the East End on the Ministry of Labour in Whitehall that the public money began to fly. Then it was discovered that nobody knew what to do except to bribe somebody to go away or to stay where he was. The melancholy death of King Edward in 1910 removed the last restraint of the Victorian era from the reckless policy of the Socialists.

May the present generation not be above profiting by the lessons of 1914, at a time when it would seem that the dangers from Continental powers are no less than they were then, and our politicians even more unprepared.

"Look to your Moat!"

(Marquess of Halifax, 1694)

"Look to your Moat," you people
That tread the island shore!
Never was wiser warning—
Never 'twas needed more
Than now, when England's island
Has sown Imperial seed,
From East to West enlarging
An hundredfold the need.
Whence, Look to your Moat, you people!
Look to your Moat, and see
That you insure your Treasure
In Ships of the King's Navee!

J. LONSDALE BRYANS.

Dora Still Triumphs

By KIM

IT seems scarcely likely that the Government's new Betting and Lotteries Bill, introduced by Lord Hailsham in the House of Lords just before Easter, will please many. Like everything this Government does it bears the stamp of compromise. We can almost see the drafters of the Bill saying, "we mustn't go too far. Think of the Bishops and Isaac Foot and the big body of public opinion they sway in various directions."

They give in one direction and snatch it back in another. Dora has been placed on the mat it is true, but instead of being smothered as clearly the bulk of public opinion requires, she is just brushed down a little, dusted, her cap set a little straighter perhaps, but with that she is gently replaced to carry on the good work of irritating the public, obstructing the vast prospects of increased foreign tourist trade, and making us a byword as a nation that meekly submits to grandmotherly legislation.

The Jaundiced Eye

The new Bill continues to frown on Lotteries. The Government will have none of it. True, they will permit the village curate to get up a small private lottery in the cause of charity, subject to supervision, for which relief much thanks. But from the small things to the big. What is there inherently sinful in a State Lottery, as organised in France, Italy, and most other civilised countries? State Loans with periodical draws in redemption give an opportunity of public thrift, for the investor's chance goes on and on, and there is always before him the hope of drawing a winning number and removing the grey vista which daunts the lives of so many millions among us. At the same time State Lotteries enable a lower rate of interest to be paid and thus effect an enormous saving to the Exchequer. There seem to be no reasons against this except the jaundiced eye of Stiggins.

The attitude of the Government towards sweepstakes is really archaic. Boiled down, they are to remain illegal as before. Indeed, the attitude is to be severely repressive because all sorts of new penalties are to be imposed to prevent the sale of tickets in sweepstakes of other countries. It is to be illegal to buy or sell tickets, and enormous penalties are proposed, even including imprisonment for offenders, while the police are to have authority to search suspected premises and seize documents or money. Newspapers are to be prohibited from publishing any information on the subject.

Few will quarrel with these proposals in so far as they will probably kill the Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes at their source of revenue, that is, purchasers in Great Britain. That is all to the good. It is regrettable enough to see good money go out of this country, such as part of the three million sterling subscribed for the Grand National

Sweepstakes, but it is infinitely more so when we see de Valera, our most remorseless enemy, who loses no chance to vent his spleen and vindictiveness, placing his hand on a source of revenue to which we voluntarily subscribe to attempt to restore his tottering fortunes. To prohibit foreign sweepstakes, including of course the Free State, is the one bright spot in this Bill.

But, having said this, it seems to be all the more imperative that the Government should realise that grandmotherly regulations are bad business. Whether sweepstakes are moral or immoral, whether they are a sign of human depravity, is neither here nor there. If the public have a hunch for a gamble they will have it, law or no law. Laws which go against public sentiment are bad and naturally are honoured in the breach, as was the case in America with her Prohibition. What difference in moral turpitude is there between the millions who go to the Derby and other races and bet on the tote or with book-makers, and those who purchase tickets in a sweepstake? Both are hoping to win money by luck in the long run. If the Dublin Sweepstake is rendered illegal all the more necessity for the Government to permit a similar national sweepstake in this country and benefit our hospitals. It is to be hoped that Members of Parliament will insist on this, when the Bill reaches them in the Commons.

Our Unco' Guides

In regard to the proposed new restrictions at greyhound tracks, the Bill leans again towards repression. There seems to be no good reason why the racing should be limited to 104 days in the year. If the public want to go more often why should they be prevented? The Greyhound authorities allege that this Bill, if passed, will ruin most of the Companies, in which over five million pounds are invested, and where employment is given to about ten thousand people. The *hoi polloi*, who mainly patronise this form of sport, are scarcely likely to feel enthusiasm for the Government which passes this legislation apparently discriminating against greyhound racing as a special sin of its own that calls for stern discouragement by our unco' guides.

In these matters it does seem that the Government are still consorting with Dora. They turn up the whites of their eyes at the idea of wicked persons who want to buy a ticket in a sweepstake, and a visit to a greyhound track is evidently tempting the Powers of Evil. But the extraordinary fact remains that while thus contemplating with horror every gambler they are themselves at the moment indulging in the most stupendous gamble in the history of the world. They are gambling with the nation's safety which they are staking on a ten million to one decrepit outsider called Disarmament. Could folly go further?

The Secret of Government

No More Amateurs for India

By HAMISH BLAIR

(*The Man on the Spot*)

UNDER present conditions, one of the chief dangers to the British Empire in India is the amateur Viceroy or Governor appointed from England every five years. He is usually a politician—a bad handicap to begin with! Whether he is a Conservative, a neo-Labourite or a Liberal, he has lived in an atmosphere of compromise and expediency. A training of this kind was less detrimental under the old system of autocratic or bureaucratic government.

The English politician, on assuming high office in India, found himself surrounded by British Civilians of ripe experience, who knew what ought to be done—and did it. The new Governor might raise his eyebrows at first, but when he saw that what they did panned out as good government in practice, he quickly realised that these men knew their business, and that the best thing he could do was to learn as much from them as he could. The effect of this system was that by the time he had to vacate his governorship he had come to have a very fair notion of the art of government—in India.

Playing Second Fiddle

We have changed all that. The British politician appointed as a Governor nowadays is got at, immediately on his arrival, by fellow politicians of the modern Indian breed. The British Civilian, who made British India and governed it to the general satisfaction up to ten or twenty years ago, now plays second fiddle to a set of men most of whom have never done anything but talk.

What is the result? It is a case of the blind leading the blind. Or, rather, of the blind being led by him who has one eye open—to close it occasionally in a more or less furtive wink!

In other words, the newly appointed British Governor, fresh to India and profoundly ignorant of the ropes, is more or less at the mercy of the Indian politician. He still has a few British Civilians round him, but their glory has departed. They are discouraged, and have lost much of their old confidence. Some of them only pray to get through the rest of their service without a row, and so they take the line of least resistance; which is to let the well-meaning Governor and the wily politicians have their way.

The above applies to the average Viceroy appointed nowadays and to the conditions prevailing in the Central Government. Here we have the real cause of the creeping paralysis which has overtaken government in India—the Presidency Governments as well as the so-called Government in Delhi and Simla. I must make an honourable exception in the case of Madras—but that is another story. The reason why the Government of India, and more than one of the provincial Governments, have ceased to govern is that their

responsible heads are hoodwinked, drugged, mesmerised and paralysed by a set of influences against which they have neither the ability nor the experience to contend.

I suggest that the day of the amateur Viceroy and of the amateur Governor appointed from England is over. The times are too critical; the task set them has become too hard. India to-day requires the strongest men that England can provide her; and such men are not to be found in the ranks of second-rate politicians or impoverished peers. Moreover, they must be men who know the country and the people—a requisite which bars out any man who has not served in India for at least twenty years.

My proposal is, in short, that the Governorships of Bengal, Bombay and Madras should be reserved in future for the best men in the Indian Civil Service, irrespective of race, and not given away, as they are at present, to any home politician who can be persuaded to accept them. The other provinces—Bihar, the Punjab, the United Provinces, the Central Provinces, etc.—all are governed by members of the Indian Civil Service, and they are governed far more vigorously than either Bengal or Bombay. The reason of this is that these Governors are professionals, and not amateurs.

Whose Fault Is It?

They know the country, they know the people, and, what is equally important, they know the politicians. They can neither be cajoled nor frightened by the methods which have proved so demoralising in the case of most of our home-appointed rulers. And the result is that neither in the Punjab, nor in Bihar, nor in any of the other provinces administered by long-service Civilians, has the Government fallen into the contempt which has overtaken it in Bombay.

It may be, as some croakers declare, that the present-day Civilian is not the equal of his distant, or even his immediate predecessors; but if that is so I ask—whose fault is it? No one's but the ignorant busybodies in Parliament and out of it who, between them, have nibbled at the splendid structure of government reared by him and his congeners until he stands in momentary dread of its toppling over upon him. Re-establish the British Civilian in some measure of his former authority, and you may bank upon his restoring the Presidencies to something of their old order and prosperity.

To hand over the Government of India to-day on a five years' agreement to any statesman who is not of the very highest class, is to run the risk of irretrievable disaster.

India, 18th March, 1934.

Eve in Paris

FORTUNE favoured the winners of the Tombola, held in connection with the ball at the Opera, for the benefit of *Les Petits Lits Blancs*, a charity which aids tuberculous children. The prizes were magnificent, including automobiles-de-luxe, sables, diamonds, and a gold fitted dressing-case.

The charity owes its inception to M. Bailby, of *Le Jour*. An able organiser, he yearly arranges festivities for the benefit of the good work, Madame Henri Lavedan, the charming "Présidente," supporting him loyally.

Proceedings commenced with a sumptuous banquet, M. and Madame Doumergue being the guests of honour. Later, when the President of the Republic and Madame Lebrun arrived, the immense foyer was already crowded and every box occupied. Parisian celebrities had assembled. The women were beautifully gowned and jewelled, many wearing white, with wreaths or diadems.

A bright and animated scene, yet the gaiety was not whole-hearted. There seemed to be a certain constraint. M. Doumergue received a sympathetic welcome as a brave, honest man who out of patriotism was assuming a difficult task. M. Lebrun was greeted with deference, but not enthusiasm.

The entertainment given by stars of the stage and music halls was delightful, and "Les Girls" posed round Mistinguette on the Silver Bridge, ended the evening with an Apotheosis of Beauty.

Eugénie Buffet, the singer who died lately, possessed a charming voice and a great heart. A daughter of the people, she loved them, and they adored her. Her songs were simple and sentimental, *J'ai deux Grand Bœufs* and *Le Temps des Cerises* being favourites. She often sang in the streets for charity.

Two stories are told of her adventures. On one occasion she had collected a delighted crowd around her, when a police agent interfered.

"Where is your card of authorisation to sing? he demanded.

"But," she replied, "I have none, only a verbal permission." The policeman grunted.

"Let me see it at once, or I arrest you," he said.

The other story shows her quick wit. Singing at Biarritz before the Church, to a large audience, the famous Boni de Castellane (who liked his light to shine before men) ostentatiously handed her a hundred franc note for charity.

She took it smilingly.

"Do it again, Boni," she said. "People weren't looking the first time."

* * *

We have passed the first day of Spring, but the trees seem unaware of this and remain wintry-looking, except the wonderful old willow, behind the Petit Palais, which is green.

Formerly, there stood, in the Tuileries Gardens, a splendid horse-chestnut. It was called "Le 22 Mars," for by that day it invariably appeared in full verdure, and, yearly, the newspapers commented on the fact. It died long ago, but is remembered in journalistic slang, where *Faire le Marronnier* means to write of some recurrent topic—such as the sea-serpent, or any other silly season subject. Perhaps the term "chestnut" has the same derivation.

* * *

Colonel and Madame Balsan have returned from Florida, where they bought an island in Lake Worth, and are building a house in Spanish style.

Florida is a romantic land of primeval glades, great lakes where you see blue herons, bee-birds and white ibis. You may drift "way down the Swanee River," you may even discover the Fountain of Youth, which Ponce de Leon and the Conquistadores sailed over the Spanish Main in search of, landing on Easter Sunday, and naming the discovered territory Pascua Florida (flowery Easter).

Prison Horrors in Russia

[The writer of the following is Professor Tchernavin, formerly Professor of Marine Zoology in St. Petersburg both before the revolution and after it. His great talent and energy were recognised by the Soviet Government, who allowed him to occupy an important post in the Fisheries Department. He was largely responsible for organising the successful trawling industry at Mur-mansk. In 1930, during the terror directed against intellectuals, Professor Tchernavin was arrested, forty-eight of his colleagues and friends were shot, and he was sentenced to five years' prison. He escaped in 1932. He is writing a book, from this is derived.]

THE G.P.U. use various methods to obtain confessions of crimes that have never been committed. In the "Academicians' case" the measure chiefly relied upon was the length of the confinement; many of the accused were imprisoned for over a year, some for nearly two years. The conditions of life in Soviet prisons are such that imprisonment is in itself as good as

torture. Most of the accused were threatened with the death penalty. Many were kept in solitary confinement for over a year, with no exercise, no books, and no parcels from home. Many had their relatives arrested, who were kept in prison for months or sent to penal servitude.

Of the people I met while in prison Professor V. had been particularly badly treated.

To begin with, he had been kept for eight months in solitary confinement without being taken out into the fresh air or allowed to have parcels from home. He was a middle-aged man in excellent health, but as a result of this treatment he became very ill with scurvy and lost eight of his front teeth in succession; the remaining ones were so loose that he could eat no hard food. To make him suffer more, he was sent to cell No. 16, one of the most humiliating punishments, with which I, too, was threatened more than once.

Cell No. 16 is a small common cell, intended for ten or twelve prisoners, but containing forty or fifty—thieves, burglars and hooligans. Generally speaking, there are no common criminals in the G.P.U. prisons, but the inmates of No. 16 were specially borrowed from an ordinary prison for the purpose of tormenting obdurate counter-revolutionaries ("C.R.'s") who were put in with them one or two at a time.

The chief occupation of the prisoners in cell No. 16 is desperate gambling; they lose to one another at cards everything they have—money, clothes, undergarments, shoes, bread, tobacco, their dinner. Food and tobacco are sometimes pledged for several days in advance, so that the loser has to fast in good earnest. They gamble away even gold fillings in their teeth, which are pulled out from the loser's mouth on the spot in the most barbarous manner. Some of the prisoners in that cell are completely naked; they have gambled away all their clothes, and go to interviews with the examining officer and for walks in the prison yard with nothing on.

Cruelly Beaten

When an intellectual is put into that cell he is immediately robbed of everything he possesses. If he tries to resist or complain to the prison authorities he is cruelly beaten. All that is sent to him from home and his daily ration of bread is taken from him and he is allotted the worst place in the cell. To put a prisoner in cell No. 16 means to deprive him of his clothes and of all the personal belongings he values in prison—pillow, blanket, sheet, underclothes, tobacco pouch, handkerchiefs, and so on. Even his spectacles are generally taken from him.

Very few people sent to cell No. 16 have escaped unscathed. When Professor V. was put there, he found there one intellectual who had been beaten into utter subjection, and had only a few hideous rags to cover himself with.

V.'s calm and dignified appearance impressed the hooligans; his intelligence and self-possession did the rest. As soon as he was led into the cell he gave the "foreman" all his belongings—i.e., everything except what he had on—and said that he would give his parcels from home to be divided among the others. The foreman, who has great authority among his fellow-prisoners, took V. under his protection and said that he was not to be molested. When, the following morning, V. was called to the examining officer, the latter was very much surprised to find that he had not been beaten, and still had his clothes on.

Determined to gain his point, the examining officer dismissed V. after a short interview, and

calling in the foreman of the cell shouted at him that V. had just complained of having been robbed. The officer reckoned that after that V. would be sure to get a thrashing. But the foreman understood his manoeuvre perfectly well, and returning to the cell told V. what had happened. After that the criminals grew more friendly than ever to V. and decided to get the better of the examining officer. In their eagerness to do so, they began to take the greatest care of V., and decided, for instance, to take him out for walks although the examining officer had forbidden it. To prevent V. being stopped by the warders at the doors of the cell they surrounded him closely, making it appear that they were leading him by force; the warders afraid of a row, did not dare to protest.

"Sign or be Shot"

B., arrested in connection with the "Academicians' case," was kept for nearly a year in solitary confinement, without walks, parcels or books. After that, he was presented with an ultimatum: Sign a "confession" or be shot within three days. He did not sign. In the evening he was transferred to the cell of those condemned to death; he spent three days there, listening to the moans and screams of those who were being dragged to execution. Then he was marched under escort down the stairs and passages to the basement where the shootings were said to take place. He was expecting to get a bullet through his head any moment, but from the basement they led him up a dark staircase to a brightly lit room where two examining officers were sitting. He lost consciousness, so they could not cross-examine him just then.

After this experience he was put into a "double" cell with a raving madman—real or pretending—who kept trying to strangle him. His clothes in tatters, scratches and bruises on his face and neck, B. was brought to the examining officer's room, where he found his wife, who had been summoned from home ostensibly to be cross-examined. Noticing how terrible the shock had been to both of them, the examining officer turned to B. with a pathetic appeal: "Have pity on your wife! Save yourself! Sign the confession! I offer it to you for the last time, if you don't confess, you'll be shot."

B. had the courage to persist in his refusal to make a false confession and was sent to a penal camp. There is no doubt that had he given way he would have been shot.

In the common cell, No. 22, at the Shpalerny prison I met a man, imprisoned in connection with the "Academicians' case," who had spent six days in a "wet cell." The floor in those cells is covered with water, and there is no lavatory and no sanitary accommodation whatever. The prisoners are not allowed out of the cell. There is a short and narrow bench on which one can sit, but not lie down. The prisoners' feet are all the time in the contaminated water, and get covered with sores. That man told me that he could not endure it for more than six days, and signed the false confession.

[Reprinted from *The National Review*.]

SERIAL

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. This instalment continues the story of the Labour Party's effort to weaken our hand in Egypt by the withdrawal of that capable High Commissioner, Lord Lloyd. A letter from Sir Austen Chamberlain provided the Socialists with a trump card.

THAT a Conservative Minister should commit the imprudence of dispatching a communication of this nature two days before the General Election can only be explained by the Party's blind confidence that they were bound to come in again with a working majority. Otherwise to risk the document falling into the hands of their opponents and serving as an argument against their own administration, and as a weapon against one of the staunchest supporters of Conservative principles, would appear as nothing less than a betrayal.

Mr. Henderson was quick to see his advantage, and instantly wired to Lord Lloyd to the effect that the divergence of views which existed between him and the Foreign Office would not be lessened under the Labour Government and would, indeed, be "unbridgeable." As Mr. Henderson himself expressed it: "The telegram that I sent to Lord Lloyd was of such a character that I think most people would have accepted it as an invitation to terminate his position."

The High Commissioner returned to England and, after what Mr. Henderson described as a "friendly exchange of notes," on July 23 relinquished his post. In a word, Lord Lloyd was dismissed.

Indignation

The public indignation created by this event was not directed only against the Labour Party, for the facts brought to light at the debate in the House of Commons on July 26 created the clear impression that Lord Lloyd had been the victim of disloyalty from his own side—an impression that Sir Austen Chamberlain, being abroad at this moment, was unfortunately not present to correct.

The Labour Party were thus able to justify their action by saying that:

The supersession of Lord Lloyd in Egypt was revealed not as a break with Tory policy, but as a continuation of Sir Austen Chamberlain's line.¹

How far Sir Austen Chamberlain was personally responsible must remain a matter for speculation. There were undoubtedly influences at work behind the Foreign Office which few Ministers would have been capable of withstanding. The effects of those influences were seen in the "Christmas Memorandum" of 1926 to China; they were felt again in the affairs of Palestine, to which reference will be made later.

At any rate, the part played by the Conservative

Foreign Secretary on these successive occasions was not calculated to hearten Imperialists, and the publicity given to the affair of Lord Lloyd dealt a heavy blow to British prestige in the East. It was evident now to the Wafd that the representative of Great Britain could be defied with impunity if he took a firm line where British interests were concerned. Thus emboldened, they proceeded to make further demands, and Nahas Pasha now reiterated that they would be content with nothing less than complete independence.

Complete Surrender

A new Draft Treaty was drawn up on August 1, 1929, by the Labour Government between Great Britain and Mahmoud Pasha, which was in effect an almost complete surrender. The military occupation of Egypt by the British was to cease, the British troops were to be removed to the Suez Canal, the responsibility for the lives and property of foreigners was to devolve on the Egyptian Government, whilst the status of the Sudan was to revert to that of 1899, when it was under Anglo-Egyptian control.

Mr. Henderson explained that this was the extreme limit to which he could go: it was no doubt as far as he could venture whilst the Labour Party remained a Minority Government. That they would go much further once they were in a majority could not be doubted from the views expressed in the *Daily Herald*, which, as before, continued to act as the mouthpiece of the Wafd. According to the *Daily Mail* the Socialists were already contemplating the internationalisation of the Suez Canal in accordance with the demand of Moscow, whilst, according to the *Daily Herald*, Mahmoud Pasha, who had recently been over in London to confer with Mr. Henderson, expressed the opinion that Great Britain would soon hand over the defence of the Canal to Egypt.²

The effect of this surrender was, as usual, not to bring peace but a fresh outbreak of agitation. The Wafd now stood out for further concessions, opposed the Treaty, and clamoured for the resignation of Mahmoud Pasha and a return to Parliamentary Government—of course under the Wafd.

In all this they were supported by the *Daily Herald*. So the extraordinary situation was created that the British Government was professing to legislate in the interests of Great Britain, whilst its official organ was encouraging a band of agitators, who were as much rebels against their

¹ Debate in Parliament on July 25, 1929.

² *Labour Research*, September, 1930, p. 212.

³ Date of August 26, 1929.

own King as they were enemies of British power in Egypt.

At the elections that finally took place in December the Wafd was returned to power in triumph with Nahas Pasha as Prime Minister, and for the first time since the Declaration of Independence in 1922 Egypt was placed under the control of a completely Wafdist Cabinet.

In March 1930 a Wafdist delegation led by Nahas—and including Makram Ebeid and Ahmed Maher, who had both been arrested in connection with the murder of the Sirdar—arrived in London with a view to obtaining further concessions, particularly with regard to the Sudan, which the Egyptians were determined to have, at least in part. But the Labour Party was still unable to yield more at present, and on May 8 negotiations finally broke down.

After his return to Egypt, Nahas Pasha came into conflict with King Fuad and was obliged to resign. A fresh crisis arose. On June 19 a Cabinet was formed by Sidky Pasha, but owing to his friendly attitude towards Great Britain the new Ministry met with determined opposition from the Wafd. In July riots broke out, and the situation became so serious that King Fuad again closed down Parliament. The Wafdist replied with a plot to dethrone the King, and the *Daily Herald* joined in the abuse of which he became the object. Nahas Pasha then started a campaign on Gandhist lines, as Zaghlul had done before him, including a no-tax campaign. By July 22 the riots in Alexandria had reached their climax, and the situation was only saved by the army and police, still controlled by British brains.

Chaos Again

Thus only a year after Lord Lloyd had left Egypt prosperous and peaceful, the country was once again thrown into confusion. Although in time Sidky Pasha was able to bring about more settled conditions and to relegate the Wafd to the position of a sort of Soviet working in the background of affairs, British prestige was irretrievably ruined, not only in the eyes of Egyptians, but of the foreign residents, who had trusted to the protection of Great Britain. As the *Corriere della Sera* of July 18, 1930, observed, the demonstrations in Alexandria, though above all anti-British, had a common foundation of xenophobia.

British intervention is therefore necessary from an international standpoint. The British cannot leave Egypt to civil war without failing to meet an engagement solemnly taken towards the other European nations which, in such a case, would reacquire the right to act on their own account in the interests of their nationals.

In other words, where Britain had surrendered, other nations still prepared to stand up for their own interests, will step in and establish their supremacy. If at this moment Italy seems to be turning towards other friendships, it must be partly attributed to this cause. No strong and virile country seeks to ally itself with weakness, and the policy of surrender pursued by Great Britain throughout the past twelve years must, if continued, lead not only to the loss of her prestige amongst the peoples of the East, but to the alienation of European Powers who can no longer count on her support.

The question that inevitably arises is: why was this policy continued after its failure had again and again been demonstrated? In the world of science a process that has proved unsuccessful is not repeated, but in the world of politics experience seems to count for nothing. In Ireland and in the East every surrender had been followed by a fresh outbreak of agitation; at home attempts to placate the revolutionary elements had merely increased their violence; at the Peace Conferences efforts at conciliation had been met with the demand for further concessions; overtures to the Soviet Government had been answered by an intensification of anti-British propaganda. Yet in spite of all this the theory persisted that to take a firm line would be "provocative," and that the only path to peace lay in further surrenders.

The Surrender to Zionism

The surrender in Palestine turned on an entirely different issue from the surrenders in China, India and Egypt. Here it was no question of giving independence to a population that had hitherto existed under British administration or of sacrificing British rights, but of fulfilling a pledge given to a people that had voluntarily ranged themselves on the side of Britain in the War.

Until 1915 Palestine remained under the dominion of the Turkish Empire, which necessitated the Arabs fighting for the Turks throughout the first stages of the War. In the course of this year, however, a series of letters was addressed to the Sherif Hussein of Mecca¹ by Sir Henry MacMahon, the High Commissioner for Egypt, in the name of the British Government, promising the Arabs their independence if they would fight on the side of the Allies. Appeals addressed "To the Arab officers and soldiers in the Turkish Army in Palestine" were also conveyed to the Arabs themselves by means of leaflets thrown from British aeroplanes by British officers, calling on them to come over to the Allies and win their freedom for which Great Britain was fighting together with the Sherif.

As a result of these promises the Arabs deserted from the Turkish armies and entered the War on the side of the Allies.

Meanwhile quite a different plan was maturing in the brains of certain leading Jews and their Liberal allies—the old Zionist plan of a Jewish Palestine. As early as January 25, 1915, Lord Bertie of Thame, British Ambassador in Paris, recorded in his diary that the Baron Edmond de Rothschild and a Russian co-religionist had approached him about what he considered "an absurd scheme," which they represented as having the approval of Lord Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Herbert Samuel and Lord Crewe:

It contemplates the formation of Palestine into an Israelite State, under the protectorate of England, France or Russia, preferably of England.²

¹ Later King of the Hedjaz.

² *Diary of Lord Bertie*, vol. i, p. 108.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 8, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28; Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25; Dec. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27; Feb. 3, 10, 17, 24; March 8, 10, 17, 24 and 31.

An Apostle of Truth and Conservatism

By Clive Rattigan

"TELL them the truth, and you need have no fear; they will always do the right thing."

That was a favourite saying of the late Duke of Northumberland and throughout his political life he always acted on that precept.

He had a firm belief in the good sense of his countrymen and deplored the tendency of the modern political leader to shrink from facing unpleasant facts, simply because they were unpleasant.

That was his principal indictment of Mr. Lloyd George's Government in 1919. He accused them of running away when faced with the revolutionary demands of Mr. Smillie and the Miners' Federation, instead of appealing as they ought to have done to the commonsense, patriotism and public spirit of the country as a whole.

He himself was never afraid of stating the bald truth, however unpleasant it might be to his hearers. He showed this indomitable trait from the first moment he made his appearance in a public capacity. As a witness before the Coal Commission of 1919 he put forward the case of the owner of mineral rights with such marked ability and force that the Socialist jeers which greeted him at the outset gave place to a round of hearty applause at the close of his evidence—the first demonstration of the kind in the rather dreary proceedings of the Commission.

The Clenched Fist of Sincerity

But that was the late Duke's experience through life. His opponents might jeer at him as a "reactionary," but they could always respect the man who knew how to hit back harder than he was hit: simply because he was so obviously sincere and so obviously, too, actuated in all he said and did by the highest principles.

A kindly and courteous man to all with whom he came into contact in his private life, the late Duke never minced his words in his public utterances. Thus of the Coal Commission he said it was "worthy of the trial scene in *Alice in Wonderland* and Mr. Smillie had adopted the simple method of omitting the word 'not' from the sixth commandment, thus transforming the injunction 'Thou shall not steal' into 'Thou shall steal.'" Again, in his speech in the House of Lords in 1922, he electrified his fellow Peers by his stern denunciation of the sale of honours during the existence of the Coalition Government.

Once and once only did his courage in expressing his opinion cause a libel action to be brought against him. That was when in a series of articles in the *Morning Post* he showed up the Bolshevik Plot in England, describing the work done by British Bolshevik organisations during and after the War and warning the British public of the danger confronting this country.

Mr. W. F. Watson, Chairman of the North London Unemployed Committee, who had been accused by the Duke of being a revolutionary and of plotting to seduce a number of members of His Majesty's Forces to join with him, brought the action against the Duke and the *Morning Post*. The jury, however, found that the Duke's comments were "fair comment without malice and in good faith on a matter of public interest," and the plaintiff accordingly was awarded no damages.

Not content with condemning the Treaty under which the Irish Free State was created, the Duke threw himself wholeheartedly into supporting the cause of the Southern Irish Loyalists and as Chairman of the Relief Association did fine work.

A Sense of Justice

His keen sense of justice would never let him stand by idle when any act of public injustice seemed to him to have been committed.

He was much concerned over the modern trend of politics towards what he called a competition in vote-catching. He sincerely believed that the art of government required as much thought and care as the scientist gives to his experiments. And no Party that aspired to provide the Government of this country could for long sacrifice high principle, without in the end bringing disaster to itself and Britain.

While no pessimist, he was convinced that the safety of Britain could only be secured by a Party which had the courage to abandon vote-catching for a great imperial policy, even if that involved the Party going into the political wilderness for a long period.

Always gifted with a clear vision and a shrewd understanding of men and matters, the late Duke was one of the few Englishmen who foresaw and foretold the Great War. The seeds of the coming struggle, he pointed out early in the present century, were sown by Bismarck in 1864 when war gave Germany Schleswig-Holstein. Another war was, he said, inevitable because war to the German mind was equivalent to the accretion of wealth, territory and power.

Had he been living to-day there is no doubt whatever that he would have used his great influence to emphasise to his countrymen the immense danger they are running by cutting down their own armaments and relying upon the soothing syrup gestures of our Socialist Prime Minister.

AND ONE CAN WELL IMAGINE THE DEVASTATING SCORN OF HIS COMMENT ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT'S REFUSAL TO ACCEPT LADY HOUSTON'S GENEROUS OFFER OF HELP IN SECURING THE ADEQUATE DEFENCE OF LONDON FROM AIR ATTACK.

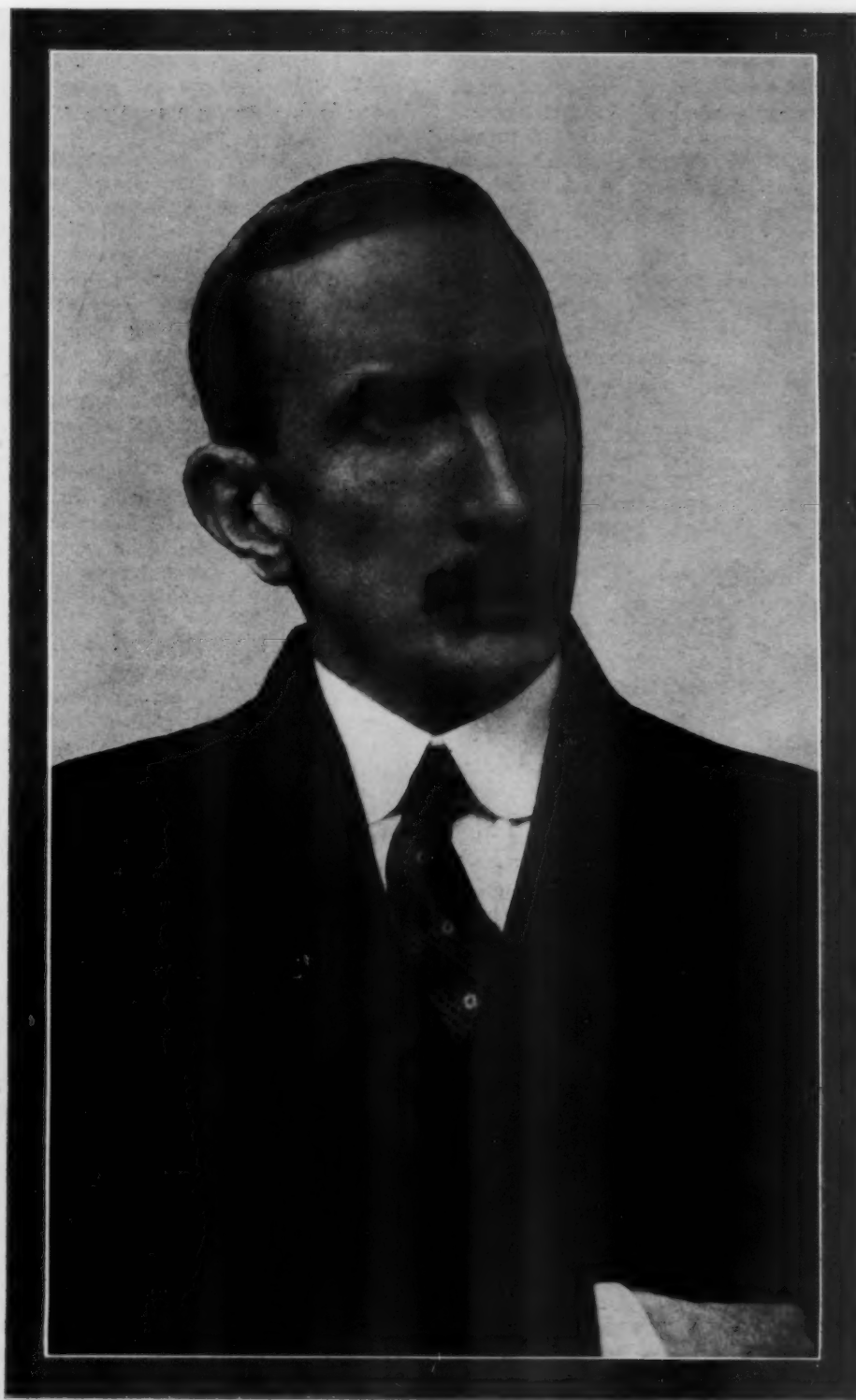
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An Apology for Truism and Commonplace

The Late
DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.
A DIE-HARD AND PROUD OF IT



Unlike the contemptible "Die-Softs" who truckle and grovel to
their country's enemies

Badger's Castle

By Dan Russell

IT was some three hours before the twilight that I left the high road and turned into the narrow riding that ran through the beechwood. The track ran uphill, straight as a gun-barrel, into the faint, blue haze which veiled its narrow distance. The pigeons clattered out of the trees to right and left with a warning clack of wings. From the valley below came the raucous "Kraa-Kraa!" of a carrion crow. At the top of the little hill the beeches ceased abruptly, and I looked down upon a slope of hawthorn and dead bracken.

It was in this rough ground that the badgers had their home. The great earth had been started many years ago, long before the memory of living man. Succeeding generations of badgers had enlarged the work of their forbears until the earth was a veritable fortress—an impregnable chain of galleries and chambers into which no terrier could penetrate. The badger-diggers had been here once or twice, but after hours of hard work they had had to call their terriers from the narrow tunnels and leave the badgers in peace.

Before each of the many entrances was a heap of soil, the top layer fresh and crumbly. Each of these heaps would have filled many carts, for the badgers are never idle. Mixed with the earth were swathes of dried grasses, which had been used for bedding. The few stunted trees which stood near the earth were scored and shiny round their bases. They were the badgers' rubbing-posts, upon which they sharpened their claws.

Woodland Peace

I went down-wind and lay in the brown stalks of bracken which were withered and dead from the winter frosts. The wood was very still. A pigeon flew overhead and swerved when he saw me lying there. A screaming jay told of a fox moving some distance off. Field mice rustled and squeaked among the leaves. Far away in the valley a clock struck.

For two hours I lay motionless, until the sun had all but gone and the uncertain twilight was glooming the trees. I was watching a spider spinning his web between two fronds of fern when I was aware of movement at the earth. Slowly I turned my eyes and tried to pierce the gloom of the hole. At first I could see nothing; then, gradually, I became aware of a head in the shadows, a white, snake-like head with two black stripes down the side of the face.

For a long time it stayed there testing the wind for possible foes. Then, suddenly, with a curious toddling run, it came out. It was a sow-badger. Her grayish back shone through the dusk. Her short, black legs were invisible so that she seemed to float in the air. Her weight must have been about thirty pounds.

She stood there for a moment, her narrow, pointed head bowing from side to side. Then she grunted, and out of the earth rolled four cubs.

The sow rolled over on her back; I could see her stumpy legs sticking up against the lighter hair of her belly.

The cubs made a rush at her. One seized her tail and shook it in playful savagery. Another lay across her throat and rolled himself there. The other two climbed upon her flank and there indulged in terrific combat. The sow lay quite quiet except for a low grunt when one or other of the cubs bit too hard. It was curiously silent play. Save for the protesting grunts of the mother there was no sound. The family rioted in silence as though they knew that noise was dangerous.

So they played for some ten minutes.

Then, suddenly, the sow was uneasy; she rose upon her feet and searched the air with her nose. She gave a coughing snort, and they all melted back into the obscurity of the earth. I rose stiffly to my feet. There was a scuffle of leaves, and from the trees in front of me came a man. He carried a gun and was dressed in a keeper's suit of grey.

"Good evening," I said, "I've been watching the badgers."

"Ah!" he replied, "I've just come up to see about them. I don't like 'em. Reckon I'll wait out and get a shot at 'em one night."

"Why," I asked, "what harm do they do?"

"I Do Not Love Thee, Dr. Fell"

"They do take my eggs, and the young rabbits," he said; "'sides, I don't like 'em."

"You're wrong; they do no harm at all," I told him.

"Ah, well! I don't like 'em," he repeated. "Good night!" He turned and went back into the shadow of the beeches.

Two weeks passed before I went to the earth again. This time it was early morning, and the sun was hot. I came through the thorns with a trickle of sweat upon my brow. I saw a print of hob-nails upon the ground before me.

When I reached the earth the keeper was standing there.

"Hullo!" I said. "I want to try and take a photograph of these badgers. I've come to see how I can fix the flashlight."

"You won't get no photos," he said; "I lay for 'em night afore last, and when they came out I let 'em have both barrels, right in the middle of 'em. Only killed one outright, but I count 'others has died since. Reckon I got the lot."

I was kneeling by the earth. There were gouts of blood upon the trampled mould where the little family had played. As I bent over the tunnel a faint, unpleasant odour was wafted to me. There was a low-pitched buzzing far away in the ground. It grew louder, and out of the earth flew a loathsome, shiny bluebottle. Then came another, and another. I looked up at the keeper, who was smiling and proud of his success.

"Yes," I said. "You got the lot."

Motorists and the New Bill

Legislation for Lost Sheep

By Maynard Greville

MANY years have passed since our legislators, with that unflagging persistence which they have always shown in trying to crush the natural genius and initiative of the Briton, first turned their attention to suppressing the motorist.

It would seem that their efforts have always been directed towards inducing the English to adopt as their national song the great chorus from the "Messiah," "We like sheep," but, in spite of all their striving, it is still possible to find a few British motorists who can make a decision for themselves without first asking a policeman.

Damage Done

I propose at a later date and in a subsequent article to go into what I consider to be the original cause of the lamentable state of affairs on our roads at the present time. With the imminence of the present Bill, however, it is I think better to assume the damage done, and the drugging and dehumanising of the road user to be, if not complete, at least partially achieved.

Looking at the new Road Traffic Bill which the Government proposes to introduce from this point of view and assuming that we have to deal with a large herd of slightly refractory sheep, one must own that the measure is not badly conceived.

There are only two ways of dealing with the motoring community. One, which the Government of this country have never even contemplated, is to treat motorists as if they had at least a little intelligence, and the other is to assume that they have none and to legislate accordingly.

The Speed Limit

From the latter point of view the new measure errs if anything on the side of leniency. There are still a certain number of situations in which individual judgment is called for, and we have not yet reached the stage in which every driver should have preferably a forbidding-looking policewoman sitting beside him to issue instructions.

Some things in the Bill are really intelligent, notably the thirty m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas and the system of short suspension of licences for driving dangerously. These are, of course, likely to be the subject of the greatest opposition from the motoring community. The words "speed limit" produce an instantaneous reaction on the average motorist. A loathing of this method of persecution has been bred into the motorist and has now become a habit, but if we look at the new recommendations dispassionately, we must confess that the real reason for the unqualified dislike with which this type of restriction is regarded is not present in the new proposal.

The old speed limit of twenty m.p.h. everywhere was admittedly ridiculous. It was broken at one

time or another by every motorist in the land from the highest to the lowest, and its enforcement was therefore regarded as ridiculous, while it undoubtedly did a lot to bring the law into contempt.

The suggested thirty mile an hour speed limit in built-up areas is, however, a very different matter. For some time a speed limit of thirty m.p.h. has been in force in and around Oxford, and in my opinion it is completely successful. Anyone who wants to go at a speed much in excess of thirty m.p.h. on these Oxford roads is to my mind driving dangerously, and should be penalised.

Busy Builders

Of course, the real difficulty will come when it is necessary for local authorities to lay down what are built-up areas and what are not.

Unfortunately in this country we have already destroyed the value of our new by-pass and arterial roads by allowing people to build right on them and so encouraging local traffic for which they were never intended.

An arterial road should be like a main railway line catering for fast through traffic and only serving local needs to a subsidiary extent, but unfortunately the builders have been busy for a long time along the sides of our new arterial roads, with the result that many of them would now undoubtedly come under the head of built-up areas. In this case their utility will be still further curtailed under the new Bill, when a speed limit is imposed.

Another section of the Bill which is certain to engender opposition is that which makes it possible for a motorist to have his licence suspended for a short term for careless driving. Again, with all respect, I cannot see my way to dissent from this clause. It is hardly possible to go out on the roads for a day at the present time and not meet at least half a dozen drivers who would be better without their licences for, at any rate, a short period.

Causes of Crashes

I should also like to see short licence suspensions for such things as parking on a corner or stopping in any position likely to cause difficulties to other drivers. Turning round anywhere and anyhow on a main road is also a frequent fault at the present time, and the misuse of direction indicators is becoming increasingly common.

I do, however, think that the Bill, though it may keep accidents down for a short time, does not offer a real solution of the problem. Accidents will only be prevented by educating the driver to use his own judgment and not by treating him as if he was a congenital idiot.

The Drink of Our Forefathers

By C. H.

IT was a pleasant-looking, clear, straw-coloured liquid, and it was offered to me in a big wine glass. "Try this," said my host, "and tell me what you think of it."

I raised my glass to the light and regarded it critically. It was a clean-looking drink. I lowered the glass to my nose and sniffed appreciatively. There was a subtle, aromatic aroma. Then I sipped.

"That's very pleasing," I said, and sipped again. "Very, and potent, I should say. What is it?"

My host announced: "That is the drink of your Anglo-Saxon forefathers, it's called: Mead." And then he told me about it.

I had a vague sort of idea that Mead was as dead as the Dodo or Alfred the Great, but not a bit of it. There are farm houses and cottages in East Anglia where they brew their Mead every year, though not often of the excellence of that which I had tasted. The cottage Mead is thinner stuff altogether.

This particular brew had a quality which is very hard to define. It was in its third year, a clean, comforting drink, sweet, but not cloying, and oddly enough with little suggestion of honey about it. And a deal of its charm came from the cunning blending of sweet herbs in its making.

Rosemary, thyme, bay and sweet briar had gone to its flavouring; and cloves and mace and nutmeg and just a little ginger as well, yet you could trace no individual flavour.

The foundation, of course, was honey; in the proportion of thirty pounds to thirteen gallons of spring water—the receipt came from a cookery book of Queen Anne's reign—there was ground malt in it, and the whole had been fermented with good ale yeast. My host was very proud of his brew. It had stood in cask for nine months in his cellar before he had bottled it off.

As he refilled my glass he recalled how, once, he had bottled his Mead too soon. He had heard strange sounds in the night—the corks were popping out of the bottles one by one. In the morning he found his cellar awash with a sticky liquid which was imperfectly fermented Mead.

I liked my second glass better than the first. A sense of well-being was coming over me.

"Yes," I said, "this is good."

"Yes," he agreed, "and you'll know it in a minute or two. It's an insidious drink. You don't notice it at first. But it's potent, right enough."

I had a splendid sleep that afternoon. Mead is a grand drink. I can recommend it.

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Haunting Beauty of Kinrara

An Unknown World in the Highlands

EVERY charm of scenery gathers round beautiful Kinrara. The very sound of the name is as full of melody as the refrain of an old song. Yet few who hurry up or down Strathspey are even aware of this haunting loveliness. It lies hidden away among its woods behind the birch-clad ridge of Tor Alvie. Close to Loch Alvie with its church and little God's Acre on a wooded promontory, and to the great rock of Upper Craigellachie, which has given the Grants their slogan, an avenue opens through a gateway to the Great North Road.

A Perfect Day

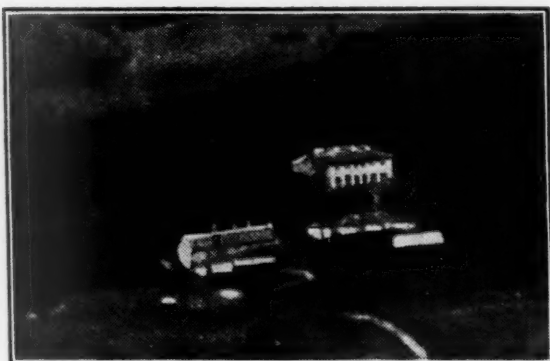
It was mid-June when we first passed through this entrance into the extensive grounds of Kinrara. Hill and wood were radiant in the light of a perfect summer day, the blue skies over them flecked with fleecy clouds. The rugged and oftentimes forbidding Cairngorms seemed to have forgotten their usual air of stern aloofness as they beamed benignant and friendly over the woods.

Once through the gateway, one finds oneself in a new world—a world which has left the turmoil of the highway entirely behind and opens to one of enchanted peace. The narrow, winding avenue makes its way through endless birches, dappled, as it proceeds, with the light shadows of branch and stem and fresh green, delicate leafage. On one hand steep birch-clad slopes mount up to the Hermitage with its commanding views, and to the lofty monument to the last Duke of Gordon, conspicuous for miles down the broad Strath of the Spey. There is another memorial among the birches of Tor Alvie—a Cairn—to those Highland officers who fell at the Battle of Waterloo.

The Land of Junipers

Below, on the left, is the Spey winding its way round the brow of Tor Alvie, and here, as for miles on its course, it flows through marshy ground and lochans overgrown with reeds and other high plants, or gay in their season with the white chalice-like flowers of water lilies. On the opposite side of the river the wooded crags of Ord Ban rise, Loch-an-Eilan behind them out of sight among the dark fir woods which cover the wide plain of Rothiemurchus, framed in its setting of magnificent hills.

Strathspey is a land of junipers, and here, at Kinrara, they are at their best. The avenue passes through groves of these hardy shrubs, some of them high and shapely enough to be called trees.



They show at their best among the light green birches, throwing them up by pleasant contrast, and themselves thrown up in turn by the more delicate hues about them. The junipers of Kinrara are as notable in their way as its graceful birches with their white satiny stems and hanging tresses.

Our car was stopped at a keeper's cottage not far from the mansion-house. At the place a road for the convenience of one or two other houses drops down towards the river. Soft and pleasant underfoot, it follows a bulwark along the Spey. There are fresh green meadows between it and the birch-clad slope of Tor Alvie.

Some oak and fir trees produce a variety of hue, but the birches through their numbers strike the dominant note. High shapely alders line the banks of the river which flows here in a broad rapid stream. Across it are woods and wooded bluffs with the brown lonely mountains towering over them. South Kinrara and Dalnavert, with their lands and meadows lie among great natural forests. For long these places were known as the Davochs of the Head, a name which preserves rather a grim story of the past.

Paradise for Birds

But it has been often repeated, and Nature has little place to-day for old-world tragedies of the kind. On the ripples of the broad river the sunbeams are glinting. Curlews trill from meadow and moorland beyond it. Some of them are so far away that the sound trembles on the very edge of the stillness and nothing more. There is an elusive note in the curlew's love-call even when it is heard much closer at hand. Later, June as it is, a cuckoo has been calling with all the vigour and clear articulation of early May. Sandpipers are piping in evident concern about their young, while others still utter their more lively notes, as they fly along the riverside from strand to strand. Oyster-catchers pass up and down, or gather in little noisy companies in the meadows near the banks. This handsome bird, with the sandpiper and the two wagtails—the pied and the gray—are typical birds of the Spey valley.

Veronica with its eyes of heavenly blue enamelled the sward by the path, and other wild flowers grew between it and the river. But here is the quiet resting place of all that is mortal of the famous Jean, Duchess of Gordon. A lonely spot surely, and yet the one of her own choice. It is really in consecrated ground, or quite close to it, for somewhere about there once stood a chapel

dedicated to St. Eda or St. Eatha. Upper Strathspey was once the scene of early Columban missionary activity, as many names and dedications still testify. Near the place, too, was the old farmhouse of Kinrara, which she made her summer residence.

The families of the Doune and of Kinrara, on opposite sides of the river, were on very friendly terms with one another. Elizabeth Grant, later Mrs. Smith of Baltiboy, says in her delightful book, the "Memoirs of a Highland Lady": "She inhabited the real old farmhouse of Kinrara . . . where I have heard my mother say that the Duchess was happier and more agreeable, and the society she gathered around her far pleasanter, than it ever was afterwards in the new cottage villa she built a mile nearer us."

This old Kinrara, we are told, was little more than a cabin with a "but" and a "ben," but both it and the outhouses attached to it were fitted up by the Duchess and her daughter, Lady Georgina, to receive her numerous visitors. "Half the London world of fashion, all the clever people that could be hunted out from all parts, all the neighbourhood from far and near, without regard to wealth or station, and all the kith and kin of both Gordons and Maxwells, flocked to this encampment in the wilderness during the fine autumns to enjoy the free life, the pure air, and the wit and fun the Duchess brought with her to the mountains." Thrilling weeks, they surely were, spent among scenes so beautiful, full alike of the Arcadian and the Bohemian.

Loving Tribute

Her grave lies within an outer wired enclosure, with a gate on one side, from which a pathway leads to it through a double line of rhododendrons. There are more of these shrubs about, added as a loving tribute from his lady, when Lord Huntly, about the year 1816, planted a line of young trees to shelter and guard the peaceful spot. These have grown since to a great height. A smaller enclosure, where the monument stands, is protected by a more tasteful upright railing, with a low one inside to mark the position of her grave. The



severely plain memorial, built of granite from the mountains about, rises to a low spire, and on a marble slab set in the face of the square solid base are the words: "Sacred to the memory of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Bart."

Subtle Witchery

Her beauty was so surpassing that distinguished painters, like Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney, painted the Duchess several times, and those who have not been so fortunate as to see an original painting will find a reproduction from one of them in the "Scottish Portraits." "Between dark and fair," Sir James Caw writes, "with brown hair and eyes, a grey complexion, and bright red lips." The face itself is a very striking one, full of expression and a subtle witchery, pensive, too, and thoughtful, with a deep reserve of power hidden behind her speaking eyes.

One could linger long by her solitary grave. The place is as quiet and lonely as were some of those later years of her life, when the shadow deepened in her relations with the Duke, who, if all be true, was unworthy of her, as well as with others of her family. But, if the spot be lonely, it is as sweet in itself and its surroundings as tired heart could wish for a resting-place.

Wild nature has made friends with the mute inhabitant in her house in peace. Brown rabbits are feeding by the edge of the rhododendrons, covered now with a wealth of purple flowers. Siskins have made their nests in the tall spruces above it, and the male birds chirp and sing in their love-flights over her grave. A redstart calls from the bank of the river. Gulls fly overhead in leisurely flight. The music of the Spey falls on the ear, soft to-day as a whisper, but rising in floodtime to Nature's deepest and loudest organ tones. Woods and brown mountains look down on the quiet little tree-surrounded spot in the meadows as if they regarded it as being under their special care. Perhaps her spirit may come at times to visit the place and think again of the past. Who knows?

England Under Anne When Britain Stood High

AMONG modern historians Professor G. M. Trevelyan ranks among the highest, both because of his zeal for thoroughgoing research and also because of his sound judgment, his wide erudition and his freedom from anything in the shape of undue bias. Prejudices he has, of course—what historian, worthy of the name, is without them?—but in Mr. Trevelyan's case one insensibly feels that these prejudices will not be allowed to distort facts. And of his impartiality as a historian what better proof could one have than the fact that in the third and final volume of his "England under Queen Anne" (Longmans, 21s.) the real political hero is no Whig, but the dissolute rake and Tory statesman Bolingbroke? This is how he sums up Bolingbroke's achievement:—

"England, lately despised abroad and distraught at home, had become the chief instrument in winning the world war and had then dictated the Peace . . . Great Britain was relatively more important in the world in 1718 than in 1815 or 1919. No country save France was then a rival to her greatness. Bolingbroke settled the terms of Utrecht to a far greater degree than Castlereagh those of Vienna or Lloyd George those of Versailles. . . . Broadly his peace was a good one, whatever we may think of the methods by which it was obtained. Yet neither the Dutch nor any of the other allies, except the Catalans, came off badly at Utrecht. And the ex-enemy France, though her power of aggression had been taken away, remained unembittered and unprovoked to revenge. The general lines of the Utrecht settlement were for many years denounced by the Whigs as infamous. But in my opinion Bolingbroke was right."

For the period of the Treaty negotiations Professor Trevelyan relies largely on fresh material that he has culled from the archives of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Abbé Gaultier appears in his pages in rather different guise from that presented by previous historians: he is now shown as in the employ not of Bolingbroke, but of Torcy. Gaultier's letters reveal only too clearly how Bolingbroke and Oxford betrayed Prince Eugene's plans to the French.

Wisest of the Stuarts

This last volume takes us to the death of Anne, "the last Stuart to rule the island and, for all her simplicity, the wisest and most triumphant of her race," and also gives us a glimpse of the arrival of the first Hanoverian King. It begins with an account of the battle of Malplaquet, and the comment on the slaughter of that battle may be quoted as illustrating Professor Trevelyan's modern method of approach to old controversies:

"The 'butcher's bill' denounced amounted for the British Army to less than 600 killed and less than 1,300 wounded out of 14,000 engaged. Our humane and enlightened generation slaughters ten times as many every year rather than limit the speed of its road traffic in time of peace; and it was a thirtieth part of the British losses in a single day of the Battle of the Somme."

It is this method of constantly bringing the present to bear on the past, combined with a gift for colourful but lucid expression, that makes Professor Trevelyan's history so eminently readable.

Palestine to Paris

HIGH spirits are the keynote of Captain S. E. G. Ponder's history of a memorable journey by motor-truck from "Palestine to Paris" (Stanley Paul, 15s.). The adventures of the party in the "Diabolical Strength,"—as the truck became unintentionally named—are so agreeably told that we are sorry when the tour ends. It not only covers old ground, it gives a new knowledge of the countries traversed. After a tribute to the unspoiled charm of Palestine, we cross the Jordan; Damascus is the first thrill, with its factories of lovely treasures; from that point the subjection of Captain Ponder is complete to the call of the East. Turkey is a land of surprises, and there are some clear-cut word-pictures of roads and towns. The new capital, Angora, full of modern amenities, strikes our author as incredible. "It can be likened to putting a Turkish peasant into evening clothes and introducing him to a London ball-room." Another surprise is the village of Kir-shehr, "like an English village of Elizabethan times."

Passing into Bulgaria, we enjoy a country fair, and the party camps near Stara Zagora, which "sounds like an exotic Hollywood screen-star." Bukharest and Budapest are given appreciation as gay and apparently care-free cities, and the "Diabolical Strength" passes into Austria, with some of the loveliest country in Europe, and through Oberammergau, with its modern hotel and high-priced wood-carvings; and ultimately back to that centre of civilisation, the Ritz, in Paris. The journey of 4,000 miles with no mechanical breakdown is a fine record for this adventurous motor tour.

A.D.

The Ill-fated Cervantes

The known facts about the life of the creator of the immortal Don Quixote are extremely scanty, and it might be thought impossible for any modern writer, however gifted, to shed light where there is unhappily so much darkness. Yet this is what the Spanish writer Mariano Tomas attempts to do, and to a great extent succeeds in doing, in his brilliantly written biography of this ill-fated genius. English readers now have an opportunity of reading this biography in Mr. Warre B. Wells' able translation of it from the original Spanish ("The Life and Misadventures of Miguel de Cervantes," Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.).

To fill up the gaps in the records of Cervantes' life Señor Tomas avoids the temptation both of using his imagination and of labouring unimportant details; where other material fails him, he relies on Cervantes' own writings, finding there much enlightenment on what would otherwise be obscure. This method enables him to give us something more than the bare outlines of Cervantes' career from the maiming of his left arm at Lepanto through a series of misfortunes to his death and burial. Cervantes died, as he had lived, poor, with no wealth to bequeath and no famous writer of the day to chant his praises; and to-day no man can tell in what corner of the Trinitarian monastery at Madrid his bones rest.

The Cult of the Country

THERE is something of the old yeoman of England in all of us; at least we like to think there is. And certainly in no other part of the world is there quite the same intimate alliance between the big town and the countryside, quite the same emotional appeal of the country to the minds of a whole people. Our literature draws much of its inspiration from a deep study of Nature in all her moods; and at heart every Englishman is a naturalist. Nowhere does there seem to be such essential unity between Nature and humanity as in "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

All these points are delicately stressed in Sir William Beach Thomas' delightfully written prose-poem "The Yeoman's England" (Illustrated, Alexander Maclehose, 8s. 6d.), which includes all England, its flora and fauna, in its discursive survey embracing each separate month of the year in turn. "You cannot know England," he tells us, "unless you walk, since its distinction is intimacy and diminutive variety, and unless you talk or at least listen, for its note is humanity."

"The loveliest things are like nests in the hedge-rows, screened by leaves, enfolding delicate eggs, sung over by music not the less sweet for being beyond the known laws of melody. You cannot chart or (with apologies to the Regional Planners, whose work is entirely beneficent) 'schedule' and 'zone' the truest glories of England. These are esoteric and the high priest of that inner circle is usually found among the naturalists, who walk and listen, stand and stare and nurse a

'Lyric love half angel and half bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire.'"

Variety that Charms

And in this lyrical strain he leads his reader on to share in the spoils of his own questing into the secrets of nature. Not the least charm of this book is the ease with which the scene is constantly changed for us. One never knows from page to page whether the author will be transporting us next, or whether he will be initiating us into the art of mowing, lamenting the disappearance of the elm, discanting on wild flowers or revealing the habits of hare, rabbit, fox, bee or butterfly. The "diminutive variety" of England has crept into his book.

Variety, too, but of rather a different type is the key-note of Mr. H. Atwood Clark's "Country Mixture" (Philip Allan, 7s. 6d.). With some sixty years behind him, Mr. Clark believes that the old times were the happiest, if not also the best. So far as the country was concerned, "all classes found more genuine interest in their everyday work than their successors can discover in work and amusement combined." From this beginning he passes on to tell us, among other things, of a Trafalgar surgeon's experience of country practice, of old wives' remedies for measles, rheumatism and warts, of sporting dogs and the evils of canine inbreeding, of old powders and shooting-guns, of our dwindling fish supply, and of fly-catching birds, adders and grass snakes. The book certainly lives up to its title.

C.R.

Martin Luther

SO compendious a library of works on Martin Luther already exists that it requires a bold man to write another volume on this great figure whose influence was so profound and so lasting.

Such a man has come forward, and Mr. Brian Lunn, in "Martin Luther" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 12s. 6d.), has used his boldness with good results. His fearless straightforwardness in tackling many of the problems raised by Luther's actions has produced a book that is neither partisan nor biased, but rings with convincing sincerity. It appears at an opportune moment, when a German Bishop has just declared that the present control of the church means "the end of Luther's legacy for us."

Mr. Lunn's analysis and explanations emphasise how stupendously this legacy has affected Germany. Step by step he traces the course of Luther's life, giving due weight to the influences and beliefs that guided him. Luther's entry into monastic life when he was already well started on a more worldly career is ascribed partly to parental harshness and partly to a vision seen in a thunderstorm. The birth of doubts, indignation at the sale of indulgences and other priestly practices of which he could not approve, his spiritual disappointment, culminating in a series of sermons and the famous 95 theses which he sent to the Pope and which led to a charge of heresy, are shown as the links which led to his great act of renunciation of his priesthood.

Happy Marriage

The Diet of Worms, the campaigning for and against Luther, and all the known historical facts are recapitulated; the facts of various temptations to which he is alleged to have succumbed are examined and explained; and the picture of him in his happy married life, after his dramatic final refusal to compromise with the Holy See leaves a clear-cut impression of this great man, of whom it has been said, "He influenced the world more than any other man, except possibly Mahomet." Mr. Lunn is severe in his rebukes of many writers on Luther, including some recent biographers, justifying his criticisms with outspoken frankness.

And, in his final pages, he says: "Luther's greatest work for humanity was undoubtedly his creation of the German Bible." A.D.

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A Miscellany of Books

Non Fiction . . .

A Battalion Doctor's Story

QUITE an unusual book is "Memoirs of a Camp Follower," by Philip Gosse (Longmans, 10s. 6d.). Dr. Gosse was a battalion doctor during the war and one might perhaps expect one or two gruesome reminiscences. There are none. But there is light on an angle which must be unique in war books. In spite of all the horrors, Dr. Gosse found time enough and patience enough to notice the birds and mice and all sorts of small fauna. And his book is full of them, of delightful little vignettes of animal life.

In this way, "Memoirs of a Camp Follower" is a refreshing book. It is so unusual that it gains considerable force from its unexpected view-point. It is well-written and interesting and is just the type of book which can safely be recommended to every class of reader.

Those who like an exciting story, will like Alfred Batson's book "African Intrigue" (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.). It tells the story of four Germans who were sent out on a Spying Expedition to Central Africa at about the time of the Agadir crisis.

It is real adventure, this book. There are dangers enough to thrill the most ardent heart and the pages are animated with a fierce courage which forced these four men to carry through their task in the face of the most desperate odds. It may be a true story (as the foreword says), but it does not matter very much one way or the other. It is most definitely a good, readable story, full of excitement and the spirit of adventure.

A valuable supplement to Professor Trevelyan's story of a great reign is Mr. M. R. Hopkinson's "Anne of England" (Constable, 12s. 6d.). Here we have an attempt, based on much patient research, to present to us Queen Anne as she really was, with all her failings as well as her virtues, and the portrait that emerges is one, not of a nonentity or a weak-willed woman, but of a Sovereign who prided herself on being English to the core, who acted with spirit in all the difficulties that encompassed her, who served her country with a single-hearted devotion and who earned the love and trust of her subjects by her domesticity and obvious sincerity. "Old Brandy Shop" she might be called by the ribald watermen, "with no respect for anyone," but her people as a whole had sympathy for her little weaknesses as they had also in still greater measure for her martyred motherhood.

Mr. Hopkinson produces evidence to show that the oft-repeated story about Queen Anne's "17 children all swept away by small-pox" is a myth. Actually she had but six children; one was still-born and none of the other five died from small-pox.

The firm of Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons are to be congratulated on their enterprise in publishing in time for the Easter Holidays of boys and girls back from school a delightful series of 2s. 6d. "Discovery Books," bound in bright-coloured linen and profusely illustrated. "British Airways," by C. St. John Sprigg, describes the working of the air services in the British Isles and along the great Empire air-lines, giving details of machines, aerodromes and methods of working. "Behind the Cinema Screen," by Stuart Chesmore, sets out the manner in which a film is rehearsed, photographed and shown, and contains much interesting information about film work generally. The other three books published

are: "At the Whipsnade Zoo," by Gladys Davidson; "The Young Chemist," by F. Sherwood Taylor," and "Discovering France," by M. and E. Thiery. All five books provide agreeable and instructive reading for old and young alike, and the one problem that their arrival in most households will present is how the young people are to keep them out of their elders' hands.

By his wanderings on foot over the greater part of England and his zeal for studying the records and achievements of past and latter-day road construction, Mr. T. W. Wilkinson has well qualified himself for writing a history of the English road from the ancient winding path to the concrete by-pass of to-day. His book ("From Track to By-Pass," Methuen, 10s. 6d., illustrated) contains a wealth of interesting information, conveyed in a pleasantly attractive style. Two curious features he notes. One is that in this country road-making became a lost art from the decay of the Roman civilisation till the latter part of the eighteenth century; the other is that no sooner had the neglect of over 1,200 years begun to be remedied than the advent of the railways brought about an almost complete desertion of the King's highway—a state of affairs that, in its turn, only underwent a change when the motor-car arrived to restore the old popularity of the road. To-day, Mr. Wilkinson thinks, we need "larger local authorities, with a central authority to co-ordinate, recommend, initiate national schemes, and introduce a new and equitable method of apportioning the cost of maintenance."

Wanted: a Guiding Principle

Mr. Lionel Curtis, the "onlie begetter" of that strangest of all strange administrative experiments, Indian Dyarchy as set out in the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Scheme, has of late been searching for "a guiding principle in public affairs" and, having found it, has now put it forward in a book ("Civitas Dei," Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) that passes under review ancient civilisations in Asia as well as Europe, delves into mediæval Church history, traces the growth of English institutions from Roman and Anglo-Saxon times and lightly touches upon the causes of the failure of "commonwealth ideas" outside of Britain. The "guiding principle" so laboriously searched for is none other than that enshrined in the commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This Mr. Lionel Curtis (acknowledging the wisdom, but not the divinity of Christ) interprets as meaning men must serve one another and not themselves and must develop the instinct of serving one another by creating "a system based on realities, a divine polity, as the work of their own hands." He suggests a world commonwealth as the goal of human endeavour, and says with this sense of duty to our neighbour as the criterion for the worth of all measures "economic and political opinions will begin to find unexpected solutions."

Perhaps in no other country in the world is there a greater affection for animals and a greater sympathy with them than in Great Britain, and inevitably it is here that the questions are often asked whether it is right to keep wild animals caged permanently in zoos and whether cruelty is involved in training them for public performances. Mr. T. H. Gillespie, Director of the Zoological Park at Edinburgh, has now written a book which all those interested in these questions may be recommended to read ("Is It Cruel?" Herbert Jenkins, 6s., illustrated). As regards the first question, he begins by stressing the fact that the animal and human points of view about "liberty" are entirely different, and goes on to prove by his own experience of animals that not only are most animals better off and happier in well-ordered captivity than in their wild state, but that "wild-caught animals tend to settle down

for the Library List

in captivity and to be more contented than those that have been bred in captivity and have known no other life" As to the second question, he is also convinced that the training need not involve and seldom, probably never, does involve "any more cruelty than is necessary to teach a child to dress itself or behave at table, and not perhaps so much as is required for the breaking in and driving of a horse."

The setting of "In Pursuit of Patrick," by Vera Dwyer (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) is picturesque and romantic, and the heroine a light-hearted and youthful creature. She quarrels with the man she loves, and then follows him from New York to Australia and the Fiji Islands to make it up, but coincidence tangles the threads of their lives in an unexpected fashion. The characters are vivacious and impetuous, and the story is well told. A very readable novel.

"Family Skeleton," by Kathleen Coyle (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 7s. 6d.), will appeal to sentimentalists only. If a woman returns to her native village decades after her runaway romance with a gamekeeper, would she still be "the family skeleton"? Anyhow, it is on this rather old-fashioned assumption that the author pins her cloying story of a woman who came back—to rehabilitate herself.

Must genius necessarily mean improvidence, immorality, irresponsibility and insane generosity? Edward Charles apparently thinks so, for he showers these characteristics on the hero of "Portrait of the Artist's Children" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). Yet despite the somewhat orthodox picture he gives us of the unorthodox life of a painter and his family the book is human—and humorous.

"Kellyann" (Edited by Kate Whitehead, Epworth Press, 2s. 6d.) is the illustrated autobiography of a Manx cat. It is charmingly written, and should appeal to the cat lovers to whom it is dedicated.

Thrillers

Christopher Reeve rejects "red herrings" in his thriller, "Hunter's Way" (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.), in favour of a straightforward narrative, the key to which is the prologue. In this he unfolds the illicit romance of a "lady of the manor," whose children (one illegitimate and tainted with insanity) and the descendants are characters in an unusual story, with the murders of a madman as its climax.

Mr. T. Arthur Plummer can always be relied upon to serve up an exciting mystery and his *Creaking Gallows* (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.) is an adequate example of its class. With two exceptions, however, little attempt has been made to instil life into the characters. It is a pity too that the author has not woven a better plot out of an excellent and original idea.

Mr. E. F. Benson's latest volume of Ghost stories ("More Spook Stories," Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) may not reach quite the high average level of his previous ones; but like all his work, they are essentially readable. His characterisation is excellent and he has the commendable art of infusing a creepy atmosphere without flamboyancy.

As a thriller, "The Pleasure Cruise Mystery" maintains Mr. Robin Forsythe's reputation (Lane, Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). The plot thickens steadily right up to the last chapters, and the dénouement is as unexpected as the most hardened reader of crime fiction can expect.

... and Fiction

The lure of the open road has dragged many a promising author to his doom, but Frederick Arnold Kummer ("Red Clay," Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) has succeeded in a task that normally calls for artists like W. J. Locke and J. B. Priestley. His characters, unfortunately, are rather dull, ordinary young people, but he writes in such a piquant, light-hearted way that the reader is irresistibly drawn towards that gay and irresponsible land where men and women fling conventions to the four winds and meander through a tiresome world in flannels and open-neck shirts.

A New McKenna

"The Undiscovered Country," Mr. Stephen McKenna's latest novel (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), is the life-story of a middle-aged woman told by herself "with absolute truth" while under the influence of an anaesthetic and while imagining herself to be dead. The whole tale of a thwarted early romance, of a socially brilliant marriage, of disappointments with post-war children and of the resurrected romance is supposed to occupy but sixteen minutes in the telling, so rapidly does Marcia Bedlington's mind work while undergoing her operation. And with Mr. Stephen McKenna interpreting her thoughts for us, we get into the bargain a vividly drawn, authentic picture of English life from the latter part of the Victorian era down to the present time.

Mr. H. G. Wells has had innumerable imitators, but few have succeeded in emulating him so well as George Weston ("Comet Z," Methuen, 7s. 6d.). His fantasy, which describes how the close proximity of a comet to this earth causes a disastrous decrease in the birthrate, is skilfully told in a clear and precise English which makes it at once convincing and credible. The international scramble which ensues for the services of the one man who proves himself capable of continuing to propagate mankind, lends the book a humorous tone which acts as comic relief to the strain of strange and phenomenal occurrences.

Messrs. Constable are the publishers of Mr. Harold Nicolson's "Public Faces," which, as we mentioned last week, is now in its fifth edition.

Mrs. Diver knows India or at least certain phases of Indian life intimately, and it is therefore rather extraordinary that she should have chosen for the hero of her new story the son of a mixed marriage between an English baronet of long lineage and a high-born girl from Rajputana, the one corner in India where female emancipation has even now made little progress. For the reader who also knows his India, this is rather a tax on his credulity to start with, but he will readily accept the authoress' declaration that all the opinions expressed in the book about India are based on actual views written or spoken. He will have heard something like them himself in the course of his own Indian experience. But, well-written though "The Singer Passes" (Blackwood, 8s. 6d.) is, like all Maud Diver's books, it is a little unsatisfying: one feels that the authoress, like her hero, is more than a trifle uncertain as to the right solution of the Indian problem. None the less, it is an interesting novel and, being written by Maud Diver, is bound to command a public running into many thousands.

Correspondence

Our Prime Minister

SIR,—Three cheers for Lady Houston's Red, White and Blue Cover—but only two cheers for Mr. Stanley Baldwin's Red and White patriot statesman Prime Minister, for whom I suggest the following epitaph:—

His Country at peace, he was Red,
His Country at war, he was White.
But whatever his hue, to be never TRUE BLUE
Was always his pride and delight.

Honer Farm, Chichester. ALEX. C. SCRIMGOUR.

Conservative Evening Paper

SIR,—I would like to voice with your correspondent in the *Saturday Review* of March 24 a plea to Lady Houston to finance a Conservative Evening Paper. It would be a boon to the nation, particularly the working class who are not Socialists and only buy a paper on their way home from work.

As your correspondent truly says, all the evening papers play into the hands of the Socialists.

The Chantry, Olney, Bucks. F. M. HUTCHINS.

The Prince as Leader

SIR,—Your correspondent, Dr. Procter, speaks for millions when he says the Prince is THE MAN whom we would all follow if he would take the lead. Why should he be debarred? Is he not, indeed, by rights our Leader? Our well-beloved King, cannot do what a younger man could. Not just that work.

If the voice of those who want the Prince as Leader cannot be made audible to His Royal Highness in any other way, what about a written request to him by everyone of that vast, if silent crowd, who desire him and all he stands for?

M. LILLA FENN.
35, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2.

Praise for the "Patriot"

SIR,—I take in the *Saturday Review* and agree heartily with its general policy, though its views of individuals are not always correct. One thing, however, I do not like, its statement that it is the only paper that tells the Truth: there is not much wrong with the *Morning Post*: but the *Patriot*, kept going by subscriptions and donations of quite small people like myself and working men, and with no millionaire to help it, has been fearlessly telling the Truth for over ten years.

You in reproducing the "Surrender of an Empire" print that which was published by the Boswell Press—the producers of the *Patriot*, which drew attention to that work, two or three years ago.

The *Patriot* has no trimmings and outside news and so may not get your circulation.

H. A. CARTWRIGHT.
Upwood, Sixpenny Handley, Salisbury.

Sea Birds Protection

SIR,—A plea that the question of destruction of birds by oil pollution in coastal waters should be referred to the League of Nations was put forward by the Archbishop of Canterbury at a meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

Now it seems to me that the League of Nations, who have so far utterly failed to "deliver the goods," are not likely to be of more use to the sea birds than they will be to the peace of Europe.

Having spent a considerable time in small coastal boats during the last two years in the Channel, I assisted in drawing up a report in reply to a query from the authorities on this particular subject, the details of which would be too lengthy to repeat here, but the matter, I know, has been under observation for some time, and Inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A. watch the coast in certain places and send in reports on the subject.

156, King Henry's Rd., A. J. BROWN.
Hampstead, N.W.8.

More Vandalism

SIR,—To all lovers of old London it is deplorable to think that dear old Clifford's Inn is to be demolished this summer, to make room for a block of buildings, which will probably include shops, offices, and residential chambers.

The vandalism that is going on in this country is something appalling. There seems to be no wish to preserve any beautiful scenery and historical buildings.

It seems to-day that people will destroy any beautiful scenery and historical buildings for the sake of filthy lucre.

Is there any chance of saving splendid Clifford's Inn from the hands of the vandals?

JAMES M. K. LUPTON.

Richmond, Surrey.

Indian Pensions

SIR,—More power to you in your campaign against the Indian White Paper.

Last mail brought me a letter from a friend in India; and the importance of his remarks lies in the fact that he is still serving, and in one of the highest posts in his Province.

Sir Samuel Hoare would have the public believe that the men on the spot are quite happy about the White Paper; but this is what my friend writes:

"I am very disturbed about our pensions. Paper safeguards are useless, if the till be empty; and at every session of our Council resolutions are tabled demanding the remission of at least half the Land Revenue. If we assumed control of the Customs as an institution, as was done under the old China régime, and kept control of a British Army, India might be given all the autonomy she wants so far as I am concerned."

A. A. IRVINE (Lt.-Colonel).

Ockman House, Rye, Sussex.

The Russians Know

SIR,—Discussing with two Russian business men the, then, proposed trading agreement, I ventured the opinion that unless some arrangement was made for the liquidation of the £300,000,000 of British claims and the payment of the Lena Goldfields arbitration award, the proposed trading agreement would not get through the Commons.

It takes a lot to make a Russian laugh, but these two quickly threw aside their heavy Slav temperament and roared heartily. Then, with the coolest assurance possible, one said: "Are you an Englishman?" I replied, "Yes, but why the question?" "Because," said he, "you do not understand the constitution of your own Government. It is supposed to be Conservative, but it is only Conservative so far as our Socialist, Communistic, Bolshevik friends in the Government will let it be, so it is therefore afraid to refuse us anything because it is afraid of our friends. We shall have our trade agreement right enough and our credit guarantees, and we can say 'Pooh!' to the claims."

On leaving them I thought the laugh was on my side. I said to myself these gentlemen have something to learn yet; but as it has turned out they were quite entitled to the laugh—every bit of it.

Why has the House of Commons sunk to such depths of degradation as to even recognise such a nation for the sake of the paltry sum of a few million pounds a year in exports?

The answer is, I think, clear enough. It is because the Conservatives have shirked their duty and are absolutely afraid of the Socialistic, Communistic, Bolshevik Party. They are all one—deny it as much as they will—and might for brevity's sake be properly called the Socobol Party.

It is most refreshing and distinctly encouraging to find such a paper as the *Saturday Review*, prompted by sound, proven Conservative principles, fearlessly exposing this palsied sham, misnamed a Government, and calling upon Conservatism to shake off its lethargy and again place this country in its wonted and natural position as the leading nation in light, liberty and learning.

WILLIAM E. W. CATES.

The Homestead, Roydon, Diss.

Notes from a Musical Diary

By Herbert Hughes

WE are all critics of the B.B.C., even the laziest of us. As individuals of a civilised community we look for a policy, even a tyrannical one befitting a self-respecting oligarchy, but we find only a benevolent nonchalance. The good, bad and indifferent in its musical programmes are so fantastically mixed—with the bad and indifferent preponderating—that one can only regard the whole business with helpless wonder, wonder a little tinged with respect for an achievement obviously beyond the powers of any single human brain.

These programmes are a metaphysical concept, a sort of phantasmagoria produced involuntarily by otherwise intelligent people working in committee. It is probably not true that the minds of those responsible must be numbed before making a decision, but I have never yet met anyone connected with this omnipotent institution who was not impressed by the mystery of his occupation.

Popular Music

Education and entertainment; dope and uplift; drivel and divine frenzies—what a record in the space of any one week! The other evening a young man, a charming young man, entertained us with his idea of "popular music in the modern manner" with what was described as an all-star orchestra. He is by way of having a talent for smart orchestration, and to exploit this to the best advantage he was allowed a group of brilliant and (presumably) highly-paid performers. To enhance further this intriguing hour the charming young man was provided with a compère who has a happy and remarkable talent for skating over thin ice. Actually the modernity in this expensive and elaborate hour was very thin indeed, so thin that one wondered why it was mentioned.

Yet who can doubt the benevolence and broad-mindedness of the B.B.C.? Over the holidays there have been programmes to delight the connoisseur. A Delius concert gave us some exquisite chamber music well played, Ernest Lush taking part in the second violin sonata with David Wise, and in the 'cello sonata with Antonia Butler. Miss Butler's solo pieces included the lovely *Serenade* from *Hassan*, and Norah Scott Turner sang a number of songs with the kind of literary understanding that is rare in singers.

A recital by Albert Sammons and William Murdoch brought a vivid and lovely performance of John Ireland's *Sonata in A Minor*, a relic of 1917 that will survive; a concert by the Birmingham orchestra under Leslie Heward included Respighi's *Antiche Danze ed Arie* and Wolf's *Italian Serenade* admirably played; and there has been the *St. John Passion* of Bach conducted by Sir Henry Wood at Queen's Hall on Good Friday.

This last had, of course, its fine moments; the Philharmonic Choir were on their mettle, and there was first-rate solo singing by Elsie Suddaby, Astra Desmond, Stuart Robertson and Roy Henderson. But many of us prefer Bach's scoring to Sir Henry's.

Theatre Notes

By Russell Gregory

A PLAY which has as its theme the psychological effects of revivalism in a small town in the Central American States is certain to confound the critics, even if it is *not* provocative. A play which is as interesting and controversial as "The Bride . . ." at the Strand Theatre may very well stampede them. And it has done so. Some of the promoted office boys who now masquerade as Dramatic Critics (capitals, please) on our daily newspapers were so utterly dumbfounded that, as all ignorant people do, they resorted to personal abuse of the actors.

"The Bride . . ." is quite certainly provocative, and it deals with an unfamiliar subject. It is none the less full of dramatic interest, it is sincere, it has plenty of humour, and above all, it is good theatre.

In these days when inaudible under-acting is mistaken for realism and over-acting confused with brilliance of interpretation it was a pleasure to see performances which, while they contributed to the general effect, were in each case completely satisfying in themselves. Kyrle Bellew was a tragic figure as the half-crazed murderess, Giles Isham, in an incredibly difficult part, never lost the sympathy of his audience, and fourteen-year-old Beryl Laverick was uncannily good as the rude, hysterical child.

For the rest, Dora Gregory proved once more that she is in the front rank as a character actress, and Reginald Bach, who also produced, added yet another perfect performance to an already lengthy list.

"Libel!" at the Playhouse

If anybody has the slightest affection for me they will libel me as soon as possible. I do not mind what they say about me provided I may be allowed to arrange certain details of the trial. In the first place, I shall instruct my solicitors to brief Sir Nigel Playfair to conduct my case, and I shall hope that my opponents will have the decency to see that Mr. Leon M. Lion is briefed for the defence.

I shall also be sufficiently unscrupulous to spend my paternal fortune in an endeavour to ensure that the action is heard by Mr. Aubrey Mather. My only trouble will be that, as a plaintiff, I shall be but a poor substitute for Mr. Malcolm Keen. But with two such delightful counsel I shall be sure of my £25,000 damages, part of which I shall spend on Miss Frances Doble for her demeanour in the witness box.

Mr. Ward Dorane (not a very convincing *nom de théâtre*, by the way) obviously knows his King's Bench, equally obviously he knows his theatre. Everything, down to the indefinite people who wandered into the court for no apparent reason, was most convincing. There was one dreadful moment in the third act when I thought Mr. Dorane had lost his grip, but the play suddenly pulled itself together and all was well.

The New Funding Loan

Gold-Mining Share Activity

[By Our City Editor]

THE announcement of the issue of a new Government loan this week took the market somewhat by surprise, since permanent provision for meeting the £105,000,000 of Treasury Bonds to be repaid on the fifteenth of this month had not been expected until after the Budget. The new loan takes the form of a 3 per cent. Funding loan issued at 98, to the amount of £150,000,000, having a minimum life of 25 years and giving a flat yield of £3 1s. 3d. per cent., while the return to redemption is slightly higher. It has a fairly attractive 1 per cent. cumulative sinking fund and as the stock is a full Trustee issue at a discount, doubtless it will prove acceptable.

But its issue before the Budget can hardly be taken as a "bull" point for gilt-edged, and already some of the pessimists are reading into the Treasury's action in issuing the loan the negation of any income tax remission, on which prospect the strength of British Funds has partially rested since the assurance of a Budget surplus became known.

The new loan will provide the Government with about £50,000,000 of new money. Presumably this will be applied to preventing any increase in the volume of Treasury Bills outstanding, already swollen by the requirements of the Exchange Equalisation Fund. But it does not seem that the Treasury anticipate higher prices for gilt-edged stocks after the Budget than those at present ruling.

Industrial Outlook

For Industrials, however, whatever the Budget may produce, the outlook is improving. At home the latest employment figures show an increase in employed persons of 116,300 on the month, with the lowest total of unemployment since 1930. The total of unemployed, however, is still 2,200,000, and there can be no complete solution of the problem until international trade shows some revival. The mere cessation of violent disturbances abroad for a time encourages hopes of better international financial conditions, but the riddle of America has still to be solved.

Home Industrials, meanwhile, are all showing rather better results for 1933, and while many of the shares appear to be over-valued at present prices, one can hardly visualise any major reaction in this market for some time to come. Nor is the problem of re-investment an easy one for sellers of Industrials, unless an incursion is made into the speculative markets, where Oil shares, despite petrol price "cuts," appear most likely to prove profitable.

The Fixed Trust Movement

Scarcely a week passes nowadays that does not see the creation of a new Fixed Trust. The principle on which fixed trusts operate has already

been described in these columns, the trusts issuing to the public sub-unit certificates representing shares in a definitely fixed holding of investments. The securities held are known to the public and, of course, to the market, and as they are confined to leading shares of a usually active and marketable nature, largely industrials, it must be assumed that the growth in the demand for fixed trust certificates gives support on an important scale to the leading British industrials. Fixed trusts, working on a published list of securities, are likely to take as important a part in Stock Market operations in the future as the investment trusts have done in the past.

West Africans

Gambling in West African gold mining shares has provided some spectacular rises; Atta Gold have come up from 1s. last year to 8s. 9d., Gold Coast Selection Trust 5s. shares from 8s. 6d. to 40s. 6d., and Kwahu from 5s. to 35s. Though there are numerous other examples, the latter shares provide a good instance of the speculative nature of this market. Kwahu shares are of 2s. denomination, and none of the company's properties is proved. Prior to 1932, when the shares could be obtained at 1s., there was no market in them. Now these 2s. shares stand at 35s.!

Even making all possible allowance for the benefits of the high price for gold and the improved modern mining methods which may open goldfields of great wealth in West Africa—at present Ashanti Goldfields is the only really large-scale producer—it must be obvious that this type of speculative activity is most unhealthy, especially at a time when the conduct of financial affairs is being made a plank in the Socialist election platform.

South African Mining Profits

The reports now published of the mines associated with the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Co. show the huge rise in profits occasioned by the high sterling price for gold. Government Gold Mining Areas, which milled 13,000 tons less in 1933 than in 1932, made profits of £4,241,921 from working, an increase compared with 1932 of £1,471,809, and the dividends of 120 per cent., against 90 per cent., absorb £1,680,000, the Union Government's share of the profits being £2,466,298. Under the terms of its lease, the company is not affected by the new Excess Profits Duty. Ore reserves at the end of the year were 11,318,000 tons, averaging 7.8 dwts., with gold at 120s. per ounce, whereas the present price is 136s.

Van Ryn Deep crushed 77,000 tons more than in 1932 and increased its working profits by £357,921 to £661,763. Excess profits duty in this case requires £233,438, and the 20 per cent. dividend takes £239,378.

Life Assurance

Death Duties

By A. H. Clarke

IT is extraordinary how few people make any real provision for the protection of their estate when they pass on. It is an almost hopeless task to bring home the necessity of such a step to most married men, who prefer to leave it to chance or to the goodwill of their relatives or friends.

When the owner of an estate dies, the executors are often compelled to liquidate part of the assets to meet the death duties. Such forced sales usually occur when the market is unfavourable, and so the value of the estate is diminished.

The following short table may be of interest:—

DEATH DUTIES

Amount of Estate:—		Rate per cent of duty	Amount Payable	
Exceeding	Not exceeding			
£100 to	£500	1	£1 to	£5
£500 to	£1,000	2	£10 to	£20
£1,000 to	£5,000	3	£30 to	£150
£5,000 to	£10,000	4	£200 to	£400
£10,000 to	£12,000	5	£500 to	£625
£25,000 to	£30,000	10	£2,500 to	£3,000
£50,000 to	£55,000	15	£7,500 to	£8,250
£100,000 to	£120,000	20	£20,000 to	£24,000

This duty can be provided for and the value of the estate be still maintained through the agency of a life assurance policy. When the policyholder dies, his or her executors can arrange that the whole or such part of the sum assured as is necessary be paid direct to the Inland Revenue. This can be done immediately on proof of death being submitted, without waiting for Probate or Letters of Administration.

The advantage of being in a position to make such a payment, while of importance to large estates, can be and generally is of vital importance to small estates. Imagine the case of a widow, whose husband has left £4,000, and who is not permitted by law to touch a penny of the small income from this capital until the death duties have been paid. If no provision has been made, such a demand will obviously increase the anxiety inseparable from such a time.

In also drawing attention to accumulated doctor's bills and funeral expenses, I make no apology for what may seem a dismal picture. Facts are much better looked at than blinked at. For a small monthly payment, such a situation could have been avoided, and the force of my statement is the more obvious.

The life assurance companies are not altogether to blame, for they do their best through the medium of advertising various plans and other sources to stimulate a man's interest in his own affairs, which, more often than not, occupy a secondary place in his mind.

A man who can afford to get married should be able to protect his estate to the extent of investing £1 10s. per week, for which, assuming he is 25 years of age, he will receive £5,000 worth of life assurance, which policy, after the tenth year, will be increased by profits.

The Cinema

By Mark Forrest

ALL the principal cinemas put on new programmes for Easter and, as it is impossible for me in the space available to review them all, I will content myself with drawing attention only to three. The first is "The Lady of the Boulevards" at the Tivoli.

This is a sentimentalised version of Zola's "Nana," and Anna Sten, who plays the prostitute, is at present a dull reflection of Marlene Dietrich. I was rather afraid that this would happen. In the moulding process which has been going at Hollywood for the past two years this actress has lost the individuality which was hers, and her emotional scenes have no power.

Her colourless performance makes the picture seem very long, but it is saved from appearing interminable by Lionel Atwell's acting as her elderly admirer. His is a thankless part, since he starts as a prig and ends as a cad, but he brings to it a vitality which is very welcome in the indeterminate surroundings. Phillip Holmes, as the younger brother, who loves Nana only to lose her to the machinations of the elder, does not succeed any better than Anna Sten who, if her personality is going to mean anything at all, must be allowed to do a little thinking for herself. As Nana she acts as though everyone else had done the thinking for her and left her in confusion.

A British Picture

"Sorrell and Son" at the New Gallery is a British picture, the leading part in which is played by H. B. Warner, and Mr. Raymond directs. The film is a sound piece of work, though the lighting is not altogether satisfactory and, while it does not achieve all that the silent version did, it should be very successful. H. B. Warner acts with a very sure touch, and there are two excellent performances from Hugh Williams, as the son, and Arthur Chesney, as the benefactor. The story is one which can be called "cast iron" from the point of view of the audience, and, with the film company trying to play no tricks with it, there should be plenty of tears over the holidays.

The last picture of the trio is "Death Takes a Holiday," at the Carlton, in which Fredric March plays the Prince of Darkness who, for three days, adopts mortal guise and lays aside the scythe. The idea is unusual and promises well, but one is conscious all the way through the picture that the treatment does not live up to expectations. There was a chance here to make a thoroughly different film, but the chance has not been taken. However, there is a good performance by Fredric March, and the desire to see him may make the venture successful.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford Street. (Ger. 2981)

Premiere Brieux's Famous Drama of Justice

"LA ROBE ROUGE" (A)

AND

"90° SOUTH" (U)

Scott's Epic Conquest of the Antarctic

Broadcasting Notes

By ALAN HOWLAND

IT has always seemed to me a significant fact that on the rare occasions when the public has been asked by this or that newspaper to take part in a ballot for the most popular programme, dance music has invariably taken pride of place. Significant for two reasons. First, because I have always suspected that the people who take part in ballots are just the people who would prefer dance music, and also because dance music is the one part of the programme over which the B.B.C. exercises no control, apart, of course, from our old friend Mr. (or should it be "Sergeant"?) Henry Hall.

Outside dance music has always been a source of trouble to the B.B.C., but the Corporation has nobody but itself to blame. Let me recapitulate briefly. In the original negotiations with the hotels and clubs from which it was proposed that dance music should be broadcast the B.B.C. persistently refused to pay the managements, on the grounds that the advertisement which each hotel or club received by reason of the broadcast was sufficient consideration. This wrong-headed policy immediately made it impossible for the B.B.C. to exercise any control over the programmes and at the same time enabled Charing Cross-road to embark on a widespread campaign of bribery. It also gave birth to that disgusting word, "song-plugging."

The Naughty Boys

When the programmes became unbelievably bad the B.B.C. called a meeting with the publishers and the brains of Tin Pan-alley discussed the situation with the "brains" of Savoy-hill. The publishers went away with tears in their eyes and promised not to be naughty boys, and the B.B.C. smugly congratulated itself on the triumph of virtue.

Needless to say, it was not very long before the bribery started again and assumed even greater

proportions, with the inevitable result that the programmes became worse and worse. Once more the B.B.C. tried to clean up the situation at the least possible cost to itself. It agreed to pay the various managements a nominal sum in respect of each broadcast, the publishers promised to give up their evil ways, and the dance band leaders solemnly vowed that in each broadcast session they would include an equal number of items from each publishing house. Once more the B.B.C. celebrated the triumph of virtue and went to sleep again.

Tin Pan-Alley Tactics

At the present time the programmes are deteriorating rapidly. There is that terrible sameness about them which was noticeable when bribery was at its height. But the publishers are not bribing the band leaders. Perish the thought! They have, however, thought of a trick worth two of that. The band leader does not select the items he wishes to play in a broadcast session; he receives his instructions from Tin Pan-alley. Any number which a given publishing firm wishes to sell has to go into the programme, be it good or bad.

Should the band leader refuse to toe the line, he will find that the firm in question will not allow him to use any special arrangements of really popular numbers of which it holds the copyright. Worse than this, should he be offered an engagement at a music hall, he finds it impossible to obtain permission to use the numbers he wants. He therefore, being a wise man, takes his instructions with a good grace and the broadcast programmes suffer in consequence.

The B.B.C. has the remedy in its own hands, but does absolutely nothing about it. Things will go from bad to worse until the B.B.C. pays properly for its dance music and assumes complete control over the selection of items to be played. This, of course, would be expensive, and we should have to go without our "Wozzeck."

Which would be a pity.

The Saturday Review

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